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NOTHING TO LOSE.

BY L. H. W.

A philosopher tells me that free from all care
Is the man who is penniless, homeless and bare,
Unbound by the ties of relation or friend,
No position to hold and no rights to defend:
From our common anxieties thus to be freed,
Having nothing to lose, he is happy indeed.

He may wander at ease through the busiest streets,
With a smile at the care-worried crowd that he meets,
And in thought on his neighbor's possessions regale,
While no worries perplex him, no troubles assail:
Of all doubt or depression the mind must be clear—
Having nothing to lose, he has nothing to fear.

I have pondered a while on the words of my friend,
At a loss to perceive where their meaning might tend
For I wondered in truth how the man could be blest
Who was minus the gifts of which all are in quest,
But, at last, to my full comprehension 'tis shown
That he speaks not of worldly possessions alone.

For 'tis so with our hearts, when life's summer is past,
And the ways of the world are conformed to at last;
Then, secure in the wisdom so hardly acquired,
We can slightingly speak of the gifts once desired,
And, with judgment grown riper, most sensibly choose,
For what'er we may gain, there is nothing to lose.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.

CHRISSIE had loved her brother with the great and passionate and absorbing love that one sometimes meets with in a sister for an only brother.

Poor girl, her father had shown her too little affection to be a rival to his son; and, when Frank was lost to her, she had nothing—nothing—no earthly thing to take his place or to alleviate in any degree, however slight, the unutterable loneliness and misery of her life.

She was too sensitive not to shrink from the well-meant efforts of those who believed that her brother was the murderer of Squire Rutledge to show that they did not wish to shun her on that account; or to include her in the shame which had fallen upon her brother; and she looked upon them as her enemies, since they believed in his guilt—and that belief was very general; therefore, save for Sidney, the girl seemed utterly and terribly alone.

She had been three days at Easthorpe now, having yielded with extreme reluctance to Sidney's entreaties that she should spend a few days with her; and Sidney had not dared to broach the real cause of her wish to have her with her.

"I have made up my mind to go abroad, never to return," Frank Greville had written. "Can you, in pity to us both, let me see Chrissie before I go?"

And Sidney had written a few lines to the address he had given her, saying that he should see his sister, and fixing a night—a night on which there was but a new moon—for him to come, if possible to Easthorpe.

Poor Sidney had hardly calculated the difficulties in the way of the fulfilment of her promise, increased as they were by Chrissie's weakness and delicacy.

Lloyd Milner was still at Easthorpe, having prolonged his visit to be present at a fancy-ball which Lady Eva was giving at Lambswold; but Dolly had returned home to render what assistance she could to her mother, an assistance which the staff of servants at Lambswold rendered quite unnecessary.

But Dolly's absence was a relief to Sidney, and enabled her to devote all her time to her unhappy friend.

For Lloyd was the most unexacting of visitors.

He was out most of the day shooting or hunting, or at the mills with Stephen, or at Lambswold, interesting himself in the details of the ball, and Sidney was comparatively free.

As she stood at the window of her pretty boudoir, looking at the softly falling snow, the perplexity on her face deepened momentarily.

A note from Frank that morning told her that he would be at Easthorpe that night, for the emigrant-ship in which he had taken a passage was to leave London on the next day but one.

Lady Eva's fancy-ball was to take place the same evening.

Sidney knew that she could not absent herself from it without exciting much comment and her husband's grave displeasure; yet what could she do?

She could not disappoint Frank, and Chrissie could not meet him without her connivance.

She was in a terrible strait, and her heart sank heavily as she felt that the only way out of it was to excite her husband's displeasure, and refuse, on whatever excuse she could, to go to his mothers ball.

And almost as much as she dreaded Stephen's reproaches she feared the effect of the communication she must make to Chrissie.

At last she turned away from the window over to the fire, her face very wistful and earnest as she knelt down by her friend's chair and took her hands in hers.

"Do you feel better this morning?" she said cheerfully. "Mason tells me that your breakfast was a failure, Chrissie; so I am going to administer some beef-tea and port-wine here, and you must drink it all up, dear, because I want you to get stronger."

"Why?" the girl asked drearily. "I cannot see why you should wish that, Sidney, if you care for me a little, as I know you do. Sometimes I spend an hour or two crying because this dying is such a tedious business."

"Chrissie, you should not speak so!" Sidney said unsteadily, the tears rising in her eyes at the hopeless despair of her friend's tone. "It is not right!"

"Right? Perhaps not, dear," she answered; "but I can't help it. What does life hold for me but pain and unrest and intolerable misery? Who would be sorry if I died to-morrow? You would, I dare say, for a little while; but you have your husband and your home, and by-and-by perhaps you will have little children to love and you will forget all about me."

"I could never forget you," Sidney whispered faintly; "you are too nearly connected with the great suffering of my life for that. Can't you look forward, dear Chrissie, and ——"

"Look forward? To what have I to look forward?" she asked, with melancholy reproach.

"I will tell you," Sidney answered, forcing a smile as she rose from her knees and rang the bell. "But first you are to take what Mason will bring you now."

"Sidney, what do I see on your face?" the poor girl said eagerly, catching at the soft folds of Sidney's gown as she was turning away. "What is it—what——"

Very gently Sidney unclasped the clinging fingers, and bent over the wasted but pretty face raised so eagerly to her own.

"I mean that there may yet be some gleams of sunshine in the future for you," she said smiling, but with quivering lips. "Ah, here is Bessie!" she added, as the woman entered with a tray. "Now, Chrissie, you must take this. Thank you, Bessie; you need not wait."

Notwithstanding Chrissie's remonstrance Sidney insisted on her drinking the beef-tea and the port-wine which the servant had brought; and Chrissie, seeing that it was useless to resist, swallowed them obediently, eagerly watching Sidney the while as she moved rather restlessly about the room, taking up some of its pretty ornaments, then replacing them negligently, and finally coming back to her old position by Chrissie's side, and kneeling there until she had taken the refreshment of which she stood in such need.

Then, when she had finished, and Bessie had been summoned and had taken away the tray, Chrissie put her hand on Sidney's shoulder, and made her turn to her, smiling a little with tremulous white lips.

"Sidney," she said breathlessly, "what is it? What have you to tell me? You are trembling, and there are tears in your eyes, and you are smiling. What does it all mean?"

"It means that I have something to tell you," Sidney answered steadily—"something you will be glad to hear, I think, Chrissie."

"Glad! I?" was the half-bitter, half-incredulous rejoinder. "Could anything but one make me glad; and——"

She broke off suddenly, and looked up eagerly, with a look in her eyes which went to Sidney's heart.

"Sidney, is it—is it about——"

Her voice died away into a faint inarticulate whisper, and Sidney put her arms round her in quick anxiety, supporting her as she sat.

The slender, emaciated frame was shaking violently.

"Chrissie," she said steadily, although it required a great effort to keep her voice from trembling, "be brave, dear. How can I tell you what I must tell you, if you are so agitated? It is not bad news, darling," she went on tenderly, folding the trembling little form in her arms more closely—"not bad news, indeed—nay, it is almost good news since Frank is well!"

Christine could not speak.

Although her eyes, wide and eager, searched Sidney's face in swift entreaty, the violent palpitation of her heart had deprived her of what little strength she possessed, and she lay in Sidney's arms, resting against her, weak, faint, powerless, like a lily broken at the stem, only the eager light in her eyes and the hurried, gasping breath showing that she lived.

But for these, it might have been a dead woman Sidney held in her tender, clasping arms.

"Frank is well," she went on, "and—and less unhappy than he has been; and he is even able to look forward with some degree of hope to the future. Nay, Chrissie, if you faint, I will tell you nothing more. See, dear—try to be brave for his sake, and I will tell you how I know that he is well."

But for some minutes Chrissie's agitation was so intense that Sidney dared not proceed.

She lay gasping and panting in Sidney's arms.

When at last the palpitation ceased, she was perfectly strengthless, and so weak that it required all Sidney's help to assist her to the sofa.

It was sometime before Sidney dared proceed, and, while she knelt by the couch soothing her with word and caress, she began to dread terribly the result of an interview with Frank, thinking sorrowfully to herself that Chrissie could never live through its intense excitement.

"Tell me, tell me!" Chrissie murmured, with pale lips; and her eager pleading eyes repeated the entreaty yet more urgently.

Sidney told her very simply, almost as if she had been speaking to a little child, suppressing much which she knew could only pain her, telling her of Frank's love for her still and his hope that they should meet, of the steps she—Sidney—had taken to prove his innocence, of the hope she cherished that some day it would be proved of his intention of going abroad and making a home there and beginning a new life; and Chrissie listened breathlessly, with great hollow burning eyes fixed on her friend's face, and her little feeble hands held fast in Sidney's warm clasp; and, when the soft, soothing tones died away, the unhappy sister spoke for the first time.

"Sidney, how do you know all this?" she asked faintly but eagerly. "Has he written to you? Have you had a letter then?"

"He has written to me once or twice," Sidney answered gently, "but only little notes."

"Then—then you have seen——"

"Yes, I have seen him, dear."

"Where?" Chrissie tried to say, but the word died away on her lips.

"He came here one night," Sidney answered gently. "Nay, dear, you need not tremble; he was disguised, and ran no risk, or very little, and——"

"Yes, cry, dear Chrissie; do not try to check the tears—they will do you no good. I saw him, and he was so well disguised that I—even I, Chrissie—think of that!—did not recognise him, or rather should not have recognised him had I not known that I should meet him; and there was no risk, dear, because it was night and no one saw him—no one but me.

"And now he has decided to go away—he can do so in all safety, I think—and make a home for himself in one of those grand countries where hard work and perseverance always succeed; and perhaps by-and-by when his innocence is proved, he will come home to us Chrissie; or, if—if it should be the will of heaven that the stain should not be removed from him here, none will know of it there; and he will be respected and happy.

"And perhaps—who knows, Chrissie, what the future may have for us?—his sister will go out to him, and forget in that happy home the unhappiness of the past."

Chrissie shook her head wearily.

"I shall never see him again," she declared faintly—"never! My brother—my dear, dear brother!"

"Hush, dear, hush!" Sidney said tenderly. "Chrissie, if you are brave, if you will be strong, you shall see him."

"See Frank? I am brave, I am strong!" the poor girl cried, holding out her trembling hands. "Where is he? Is he here?"

"He is coming," Sidney answered, forcing a smile, although her heart was heavy and sore. "He will be here to-night, and you shall see him, Chrissie."

"Here? But, if—he should be taken, he ——"

"Nay, dear, there is no danger; he will be disguised. Ah, poor girl," Sidney added, in a tone of pity and compassion, as Chrissie's feeble clasp of her hands relaxed, and she sank back swooning on her pillows, "now will she bear to see him, how will she bear to let him go—for ever?"

* * * * * *

As the days wore on Sidney's perplexity and distress increased momentarily, and she felt more and more anxious.

That Stephen would be seriously annoyed with her for being absent from the ball at Lambswold she knew, and she felt that the only excuse which would hold good at all was Chrissie's illness; but then Miss Greville's invalidism was a recognised fact, and Sidney felt that Stephen might easily say that she could spare her hostess for a few hours.

Once she thought of feigning illness herself; but she was afraid her husband would insist upon remaining at home with her.

Another great difficulty was the utter impossibility of Christine's meeting with her

brother taking place anywhere but in the house.

Even had the time of year been summer, the poor girl had hardly strength to drag herself to the summer house where Sidney's first interview with Frank had taken place.

Now with falling snow and a bitter wind it was out of the question.

Sidney had written this to Frank, and asked him if it were possible for him to wear such a disguise as would enable him to enter the house; but she had had no reply, and she was quite ignorant of his intentions, which added considerably to her suspense.

Christie's swoon had been of short duration.

She had revived in such a state of hysterical agitation that Sidney had induced her to take a dose of chloral, and she was now sleeping calmly on the sofa in the boudoir; and, leaving Bessie with her, Sidney went to her own room to try and think quietly over her difficulty and summon courage to meet it without arousing suspicion.

As she entered her dressing-room, the first thing which met her eye was the costume she was to wear in the evening, which had just arrived from Paris, and which Bessie had spread out upon the sofa.

Stephen himself had chosen the *role* for her, and had been interested in designing the dress.

"She is so cold and white and pure," he said to himself, "that 'Ice' will suit her to perfection."

And the costume was a triumph of art and beauty, with its rich shining draperies and crystals and icicles; the great *costumier* to whom it had been intrusted had done his work well.

"Everything seems to go against me!" Sidney murmured, leaning her head wearily against the window-pane, as she looked out at the falling snow. "Stephen will be so angry, but what can I do? I cannot disappoint them both! It is very hard—oh, so hard, and I am so tired! Will Lloyd Milner suspect, I wonder? Well, it is the last risk we shall run, and theirs has been such a hard fate. How will Christie bear it?"

Then she turned away from the window and glanced rather wistfully at the beautiful dress.

She would have liked to wear it, she thought.

She would have liked to show Stephen that she appreciated his kindness, and she had still sufficient vanity to like to look her best.

As it was, she would only vex him.

He would think her not going to the ball was a determination to annoy him, and she would have to bear in silence the look of grave displeasure and reproach which hurt her so keenly.

It was very hard!

All the short winter day she was restless and ill at ease, and the sound of the wheels of her husband's brougham made her heart beat to suffocation; but she ran down-stairs and was in the library, with tea ready, when Stephen and his friend entered, chatting gaily and pleasantly excited at the thought of the somewhat unusual entertainment in store for them that evening.

Once or twice Sidney glanced furtively over at her husband, as he lay back in a great deep arm-chair, resting luxuriously but looking somewhat weary and fatigued after the day's work as he sipped his tea.

How would she dare to tell him? she wondered.

The thought haunted her persistently as she joined in the pleasant conversation, and poured out the fragrant yellow tea into the quaint dragon cup.

Presently the evening letters were brought in—two for Sidney, several for Lloyd Milner, and one for Stephen.

As Sidney took hers from the little silver waiter that the servant had presented to her, she felt the color rush into her face.

Both were addressed in unknown handwritings and both had the London postmark.

Her fingers trembled so much that she could not open them.

She put them her lap and crossed her hands upon them, as she sat by the little gypsy-table.

The two young men were reading their own letters, and did not notice her agitation.

Stephen's was a long closely-written epistle from an old college-friend now settled in New Zealand, and Mr. Milner's correspondence, relating to business-matters was very absorbing.

Having concluded its perusal, he gathered up the letters and went away to his own room to answer them, leaving the husband and wife together.

Sidney's opportunity had come.

Stephen had finished his letter, and was staring into the fire with thoughtful eyes, pulling at his beard, as he often did when in deep thought, and he did not see the furtive anxious glances his wife was casting at him.

More than once her lips parted, and she had almost said what she wished to say; but the words did not come; and, when half-past six o'clock struck, they were still unspoken.

As the clear single stroke sounded, Stephen started, glanced at the clock, and said gaily—

"We had better go and dress, Sidney; it will take rather longer than usual, you know; and I promised mother we should be in good time for dinner."

"Yes," Sidney answered faintly, "I will go directly; but—but—do not wait. I want to speak to Toms before I go up-stairs."

Stephen rang the bell before he left the room, and hardly had the door closed after him than Sidney tore open the letter which lay uppermost on her lap, and glanced at it with eager eyes.

It ran thus—

"Doctor Anderson will call at Easthorpe to-morrow evening at nine o'clock to see Miss Greville. As his stay at Ashford will be very limited, he hopes not to be disappointed of the interview."

For a moment Sidney stared at the note, puzzled and perplexed; then like lightning its meaning flashed upon her, and she began to tremble exceedingly, forgetting the other note in startled terror.

"Did you ring, ma'am?"

Sidney turned round with a start; a servant was waiting at the door; but, as her excuse to her husband for remaining down-stairs had been one spoken on the spur of the moment, she did not remember that Stephen had rung.

"No," she said hurriedly, "I did not ring. Stay!" she added hastily, as he was about to leave the room. "A gentleman—a Doctor Anderson—will call here this evening to see Miss Greville. Let him be shown at once into my boudoir, as his time is very limited."

"Yes, ma'am."

Sidney dropped the note announcing Doctor Anderson's arrival into the fire, and as she went up-stairs, opened the other letter that she had received that evening.

It was shorter even than the one she had just destroyed.

"Madam,—Will you kindly meet me at the Excelsior Hotel, Ashford, on Thursday, the 30th inst., at eleven o'clock a. m.?

"Your obedient servant,

"G. Hopgood."

Her maid was waiting in her dressing-room, anxious to perform the toilet operations; and with a heavy heart Sidney submitted.

Miss Greville was awake, the maid said, as she brushed Sidney's pretty chestnut hair, very nervous and faint still, but quieter than she had been; and Sidney wondered if she dared trust Bessie with her part this evening, half decided that she would do so, and then shuddered at the thought that through any carelessness on the part of the old woman Doctor Anderson's identity might be discovered.

Stephen was just ready to leave his dressing-room, looking very handsome and distinguished in the white Louis XIII. *Mousquetaire* dress that he wore, when a timid knock sounded at the door; and he opened it, to see his wife standing there clad in the glittering robes of her fancy dress, looking very beautiful, but white as her pure spotless draperies.

"Stephen," she said suddenly, speaking as if she were repeating some lesson she had learned, "will you be very disappointed if I do not go with you this evening?"

"If you do not go with me this evening?" he echoed, the expression of eager admiration changing to one of cold displeasure. "Why, are you ill?"

"No, but Christie seems so ill that I think it is unkind to leave her."

"Do you mean that she is ill enough to be in danger?" he asked more gently. "Is she worse? Shall I send a carriage for your father?"

"No—oh, no—she is not worse! But, Stephen, if you would not mind very much I should like to stay."

She spoke very earnestly; but she did not raise her eyes to his as she stood before him he looking down at her gravely.

"Have you considered my father's and my mother's disappointment?" he asked. "Have you remembered that it is really the first entertainment they have given since our return, and that they would feel your absence a great slight? You say that Miss Greville is not worse," he went on; "therefore I must refuse your request, Sidney, unless you have some other special reason," he added, with some significance, "for disregarding my wishes and theirs."

"No, oh, no!" she returned eagerly, terrified at the meaning tone. "No, no; Christie is lonely and unhappy; and——"

"I cannot have my wife's eyes red to-night," he said gently, putting his right arm round her as she stood—his left arm was still in a sling. "I want people to see what a beautiful ice spirit she makes, so white and pure and sweet, although I am afraid"—with a little laugh—"I don't want them to know what an ice-spirit she is to her husband. You must go, Sidney."

"I cannot," she murmured. "I am not well; I cannot go."

He looked at her keenly for a minute, then drew her into his dressing-room, and, dismissing his valet, who was still there, said gravely—

"Sidney, I do not often cross your wishes; but, unless you desire seriously to displease me, unless you desire to show how little regard you have for my wishes, you will go with me."

"You make too much of it," she answered trying to speak carelessly. "I am not well, Stephen, and I am sure I should disgrace you to-night by a fit of hysterics or by fainting away! Don't urge me to go. Lady Eva will forgive me, if you tell her that Christie is——"

"I will spare you any further excuses," he said, in a tone so cold and stern that she shivered.

"Since you became my wife you have shown me clearly enough how irksome the position is to you, and your conduct this evening is only what I might have expected.

"You need add no further falsehoods to those you have already told me to-night. They cost you nothing; but to hear you utter them is as bitter as death to me!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE carriage had driven away over the snow-covered avenue, and Sidney came back slowly from the window whence she had watched it go, and threw herself face downwards upon her bed, regardless of the costly white draperies which she was crushing, the diamonds gleaming so brightly on her white throat and slender arms.

Stephen was gone.

He had left her with a look on his face which she had never seen there before, a look of cold contempt; and though she had stood waiting in the gallery until he came out of his dressing-room again, and had watched him go down-stairs in his Louis XIII. dress, looking so handsome and grave and proud, he had not spoken to her again.

He had passed her by without a word, although her dress had brushed him as he went, and the last words he had uttered to her were those which said that her falsehoods were as bitter as death to him.

When she had heard the carriage coming round from the stables, she had thrown open the window of her room and leaned out into the cold night-air, regardless of the falling snow which drifted in upon her bare shoulders and arms.

There was no moon; but the light from the hall fell upon the waiting vehicle and enabled her to see her husband and Lloyd Milner—the latter in a curious Italian dress which made him look as one in an old picture—get into the carriage and drive away.

The window was so exactly above them that she could have spoken to them without difficulty; but they did not look up; and, having watched them drive away, she went and threw herself upon her bed, leaving the window open, regardless of the drifting snow and keen wind which it admitted into the room.

"It is over now," she moaned, pressing her burning brow into the cold linen. "He will never love me now—never—never—never!"

It seemed to the wretched girl, as she lay there, that the last glimmer of hope that some day she would win back her husband's love faded away completely.

Never would they be anything but strangers—never, however long they lived together.

He would always mistrust her, he would always look upon her as he had looked that evening, with cold contempt.

Fate was against her, she then thought wearily.

Any other night the disguise Frank had adopted would have enabled him to be admitted to his sister without exciting much comment or much interest.

The household knew that Miss Greville was ill, and therefore a doctor's visit would have seemed quite natural to them—any other night but that one. And yet he was to come that evening.

She raised herself from the pillows after a time shivering with cold and damp, and, closing the window hastily, threw off her beautiful dress and crouched before the fire to warm herself.

Presently Bessie came in, full of sympathy for Sidney's disappointment—for Sidney had sent down word that Miss Greville seemed too ill to be left—and dressed her young mistress in her black velvet dress, and sympathized with her when she said—hating herself, poor Sidney, for the deception—that she was sorry Miss Christine was was so ill, and that she was anxious—which was true enough—to see the new doctor, who might be able to do her some good.

"Oh, Sidney, have you come at last?" was Christie's reproachful greeting when Sidney went to the boudoir and found her sitting up on her couch, with a fever spot on either cheek and a feverish light in the blue eyes which were usually so dim and faded. "I have been so lonely and frightened. Why did you not come sooner?"

Sidney told her gently, glossing over Stephen's displeasure and her own pain at displeasing him.

The deep unutterable sorrow which looked out of the heavy dark eyes touched Christie through the thick armor of her own sorrow.

She drew Sidney face down to hers with her little hot hands, and kissed her in silence with her dry burning lips; and, had Sidney not controlled herself by a strong effort, she would have broken down in tears.

As it was, she could not speak for some minutes.

"Do you know, Christie," she said at last, trying to speak playfully, "that as you are so great an invalid, I have to remain at home from a fancy-ball of which I should have been literally the shining light—I wish I had come in to let you see my dress, dear—it was lovely!

"Well, as I was saying, as you are so much of an invalid—no one would believe it who saw those red cheeks and bright eyes, though—no one will be at all surprised if a doctor should come to see you and spend some time with you here. You would not be surprised either, dear, would you?"

Christine looked at her in some bewilderment before she understood her meaning: then, realizing it, she, even as Sidney had done, began to tremble exceedingly.

"Yes, a new clever doctor," Sidney went on, in her soft pathetic voice, "who will do you good—so much good, dear!—and who wants to see you at your best and brightest and who will tell you that there are many happy years in store for you yet, and that there are other lands besides England where people can be very happy, and where trouble and sorrow are all forgotten."

"And I shall tell him that there is no other land for me but that 'better land' of which you sing sometimes," Christie answered sadly.

"He will not need telling when he sees me; but, oh, Sidney, if, before I die, I could see his innocence proved, if I could know that he will once more be able to take his place in the world free and unstained, the bitterness of death would be past!"

"You will live to see it, dear, I hope," Sidney whispered, unable to trust her voice to speak in any other tone. "You will live to see it, and to spend many happy years with him, I trust.

"And now we will have some tea, and tell them to bring in some wine and biscuits and to get ready some more substantial refreshment, for Doctor Anderson will have come a journey, and I dare say he will need some."

The tea was brought; but, although both girls drank thirstily, as if their lips were dry and parched, neither of them could eat anything.

Sidney ordered wine and biscuits, and desired supper to be laid in the dining-room, in case Doctor Anderson, "who is coming from a distance," she said quietly, "should require some refreshment."

And then the two girls, with wildly beating hearts, sat waiting for nine o'clock to strike, Christine Greville struggling with the hysterical feeling which threatened now and again to overcome her, while Sidney, her own attention successfully distracted from her personal troubles, tried to soothe and calm her, holding her cold hand to the poor girl's throbbing temples, supporting her in her arms in the paroxysms of trembling which seized her, and speaking words of comfort which she herself was in almost as great need.

Very slowly the leaden-footed minutes slipped by.

The pretty Dresden china clock ticked away merrily on its bracket, the fire burned cheerily, and the pretty china tiles reflected its glow.

The room, with its daintily-painted panels and satin-wood furniture and ornaments, made a graceful and charming picture.

Outside the snow fell softly and ceaselessly.

Never in her life—not even in the sorrow which was on its way to her—sorrow so much greater than any she had yet known—did Sidney Daunt quite lose the recollection of that hour in which they waited.

The stillness outside seemed intolerably oppressive.

Several of the servants had gone to Lambswold to assist the household there, the rest were snugly assembled in the servants' hall, exempt from so much of their usual service that they were free to enjoy themselves after their own fashion.

Bessie—who was somewhat anxious because of Sidney's strange pallor and depression, and who felt that there was stronger reason than Christie's illness and Doctor Anderson's visit for her remaining at home from the ball, which all had looked forward to so gayely—was uneasily waiting in her mistress's dressing-room to conduct the doctor to his patient.

Sidney had requested her to perform this duty, thinking it would be better that she should see more of Frank in his disguise than any of the other servants, as, if anything happened to betray him, Bessie would keep the secret faithfully.

As the hour fixed for her brother's arrival drew near, Christie's excitement rose to fever-point. She could not keep still.

Again and again she would leave her seat and drag her feeble steps across the room to the window, to look out into the night, to see if he were coming; and then, seeing the thick heavy snow which prevented any outlook, she would turn away shivering, and Sidney would support her, half swooning, back to her seat.

It was a piteous, almost a terrible sight to see the poor girl's suffering and anxiety; and more than once Sidney regretted bitterly that she had consented to contrive an interview, fearing, and with some justice, that her friend's strength would prove unequal to such a strain.

Very gently and tenderly she soothed her, hiding her own anxiety, and finding brave and cheerful words to keep up Christie's failing courage.

Sidney's own suffering was teaching her many a wise and useful lesson.

She was daily growing gentler and more patient, with a larger and wider sympathy for others, a truer tenderness, a greater charity.

If the day should ever come when she and Stephen Daunt should stand heart to heart in true and perfect union and sympathy—in that union and trust which makes the only true marriage—he would win a nobler woman, a wife far more worthy of his tenderness than the girl he had wooed and won.

"Will nine never come?" Christie was saying, in her tearful broken voice. "Oh, Frank, where are you, I wonder? Lost in the snow, perhaps?"

"Nine o'clock will be here in a few moments, dear. See—it wants only ten minutes to the hour now; and, as for being lost in the snow, that is an absurd idea, Christie because no doubt Frank will take a fly from the station."

"I suppose he has come and they have sent him away," suggested the poor girl, in her agony of suspense.

"Oh, no, dear! I gave Toms orders, and Bessie is waiting to show him in here."

"But, oh, Sidney"—and the little fragile fingers seized Sidney's arm with nervous force, and the frightened eyes were raised eagerly to her face—"if he should be recognized—if——"

"Christie, is it likely that he would run that risk?" Sidney said, hurriedly pouring out some wine and forcing it through the pale lips, for the dread her friend had expressed seemed to have deprived her of all her strength. "My dear, if you do not try to compose yourself, you will only distress Frank terribly, and render yourself quite unfit to talk to him as your duty is to-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Granny's Experience.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

IT was the evening of the donation party at the Rev. Simeon Slide's.

At Grovehill they had not many excitements, and to the simple villagers this donation party was as thrilling an event as the charity ball would be to a town belle, or a court presentation to a London debutante.

Jessie Field had retrimmed her white muslin dress with apple green ribbon, and even aunt Betsey had washed and ironed the French cambric dress which constituted the cream of her wardrobe, and basted fresh lace frillings into the neck and sleeves.

The squire himself, blacking his boots on the kitchen porch, congratulated himself, in a complacent sort of way, on the contents of the box-wagon, which stood under the shade of the old apple tree.

"If everybody takes as creditable a load to the parson's as that," said the squire, "I guess they won't starve there.

"A ham, a bag o' mixed chicken-food, a firkid of first-class butter, six dressed fowls, a bushel o' russet apples, and a loaf of plum-cake, made arter grandmother Field's receipt; and besides all that——"

"Good gracious pa!" said Jessie, who was tucking away her curls under the strings of her split-straw gipsy hat, "how are aunt Bess and I ever going to ride with all that load?"

"Well," said the squire, with an oleaginous little chuckle, "you'll have to contrive it somehow.

"One of you can sit on the butter-firkin, and sort o' steady it, and there's plenty o' room for the other along o' me on the seat, and hold the plum-cake on your lap.

"And comin' back, I ain't nowayz disturbed but that you'll get plenty o' beaux, gals always do.

"The moon will be at its full, and Peter Peck and Hiram Jellifer is both to be there and——"

"Don't talk nonsense, pa!" said Jessie, laughing, and looking provokingly pretty, just as aunt Betsey, glancing over her shoulder into the glass, saw the reflection of her own face, and sighed softly.

Ah, the sad, sad difference between eighteen and thirty!

"I was pretty too, when I was a girl," said aunt Betsey to herself.

"I don't suppose I am positively ill-looking now.

"But the dimples are gone, and the roses, and the smooth velvety curves of cheek and chin.

"There are crows'-feet around my eyes, and a wrinkle on my forehead, and when I go to parties I am left to sit among the old ladies by the wall."

But Miss Betsey Field did not speak out these words; she only said—

"There'll be plenty of room, Jessie. I shall go on to the parsonage at once, and help Mrs. Slide get ready for the evening.

"She needs some one to assist her, with her sickly daughter and all those little children."

"So kind and thoughtful of you, aunt Bess!" said Jessie, with a kiss. "But you're always thoughtful.

"You're the darlingest little old maid that ever was."

So Betsey Field set out to walk down the sunny, grass-carpeted lawn, while Jessie leisurely finished her toilet and pinned fresh roses into her belt.

Peter Peck, who lived up on a comfortable farm on the mountain, had shot a deer in the woods—like Nimrod of old, he was a mighty hunter on the face of the earth—and prepared a quarter of venison, neatly wrapped in a linen cloth, for his share of the donation party.

Old Mrs. Peck, his grandmother, had fished a jar of apple-sauce out of the cellar, and dressed some tender spring chickens.

"I'm past going to church myself," said granny Peck, "but I always was one to believe in the dissemination of the Gospel, so I don't grudge the chickens and the apple-sass. Be sure you carry 'em careful, Peter, and——"

"Granny!" suddenly burst in the honest young giant, who was tying his cravat before the glass with laborious fingers, "how many years is it since grandfather courted you?"

"Good land o' Goshen!" said granny Peck, "what is the boy talkin' about?"

"Because I want to know what he said," said Peter, reddening to the very roots of his hair.

"I'm a-goin' courtin' myself, granny, and I hain't had no experience, and I don't know how to go to work."

"Well I never!" said granny Peck.

"Try to remember, there's a good soul!" urged Peter coaxingly.

"It's so long ago," said granny Peck, with a sympathetic moisture beginning to suffuse her bleared eyelids. "Times is changed now."

"But human natur' is human natur', just the same," said Peter. "How was it, granny?"

"He took me out a-ridin'," said the old lady, assisting her memory with a goodly pinch of rose-scented snuff.

"That's it exackly," said Peter. "I've harnessed up Red Robin, and washed off the wagon, and I calculate to ask her to ride home with me from the donation party."

"And it was a very dreadful moonshiny night——" reflectively added the old lady.

"Moon's at the full," exultantly muttered Peter. "I believe there's a fate in it!"

"And he set up close to me, and squeezed my hand with the hand he wasn't a-drivin' with, and he said I was the prettiest gal he'd ever seen, and could I be contented to come and live at Hawk's Farm.

"And we was married the next fall. An, deary me, deary me! how long ago all that seems!"

"It sounds easy enough," said Peter despondently.

"But I'd rather clear off a whole patch o' hickory woods."

"Don't be afraid, Peter," said the old lady, laying a kindly hand on his right shoulder.

"If she's a gal with havin', she'll know you're a good lad. And I'll bet a cookey she'll say 'Yes.'"

"I only wish I could think so, granny," said Peter, with a sigh.

"Is it Kate Lanney?" said Mrs. Peck, "or Mary Elsley?"

"Tain't neither one," said Peter sheepishly. "It's Jessie Field!"

"Land o' massy!" said granny Peck, elevating her withered hands. "What on airth is a pretty pink-and-white piece of china like her to do in a wild place like this?"

"She's as smart as a steel-trap," said Peter.

"Don't you worry, granny. Once I get her here, you'll see that she'll be all right."

So Peter piled his venison, and chickens, and jar of apple-sauce into the back of the roomy old buggy, and drove away to the donation party, as full of hopes and fears as any young girl.

And when he saw Hiram Jellifer, the village store-clerk, enter, all redolent of pomatum and cologne, in a city-cut suit of clothes, and hair brushed to a peak over his forehead, his heart sank within him.

"I hain't no chance at all," he thought.

"Jessie," whispered aunt Betsey to her niece, as they were clearing the dining-room for the games which followed upon the old-fashioned supper, "do take a little notice of poor Peter Peck.

"See how his eyes are following you. And you have hardly been decently polite to him."

"Peter Peck, indeed!" said Jessie, radiant in the consciousness of being the prettiest girl in the room.

"I couldn't possibly be bothered with him, aunt Bess; none of your backwoodsmen for me!

"You can go and talk with him yourself, if you please."

But aunt Betsey, shyer than any child, shrank blushing away.

"No," said she, "I couldn't do that. I—I am so little acquainted with him."

Half-an-hour afterwards, Peter Peck, unable to make up his mind to ask pretty Jessie to allow him to take her home with Red Robin and the buggy, sidled up to the squire.

"Squire," said he, jerking the words out with an effort, "can I take Miss Field home?"

"Much obleeged, I'm sure!" said the squire.

"I have the box-wagon here; but I don't mind riding home alone, if so be as you'd like company."

Peter drew a long breath.

"It's as good as settled now," said he to himself.

His heart beat high when, in the misty moonlight, a slight figure came out, under Squire Field's escort, all muffled, shawled and veiled, against the chill, fresh air of the autumn evening.

And not until they were safe out on the high road, at Red Robin's best trot, did he credit his extraordinary good luck in thus securing a tete-a-tete with the belle of the evening.

"It's a nice shiny evening," said he sheepishly.

"Very," answered a soft voice.

"I hope I don't crowd you?" he hazarded.

"Oh, not in the least," responded his companion.

And then followed an appalling silence, broken at last by the vehement accents of the young farmer.

"It ain't no use my skirmishin' round like this," said he.

"It's got to be said, and the sooner I say it the better, because it's a-chokin' of me all the while!

"I love you, Miss Field! I can't live, nohow, without you. There, it's all out now."

"Oh, Mr. Peck!" faltered Miss Field.

"Do you s'pose," said honest Peter, with a dim remembrance of his grandmother's lesson, "you could be happy at Hawk's Farm?"

"Oh, Mr. Peck!"

"But say yes or no!" pleaded Peter "Will you be my wife, Miss Field?"

And the word which floated upon Peter's ears, through the veils and wraps which he was now valorously hugging close up to him was "Yes!"

"I never was so happy in all my life," said Peter rapturously.

"Nor I," whispered the voice behind the veil.

And then Peter took courage to kiss her, and then Red Robin shied at a tree-stump and then, all too soon, appeared Squire Field's large red house behind the apple trees.

And Peter helped his fiancee out as tenderly as if she were a box of solid gold and he a miser.

And up dashed Mr. Hiram Jellifer's varnished side-box road wagon, and turning around, Peter Peck saw springing from it Jessie Field.

Was it witchcraft?

Nothing of the sort.

There, close to him, smiling and blushing in the moonlight, with her veil thrown aside was Miss Betsey.

And it was Miss Betsey to whom he had proposed, and Miss Betsey who had accepted him.

Peter Peck gave a convulsive gasp for breath.

What was he to do?

Should he tell Miss Betsey that it was all a mistake—that he had taken her for her niece, or should he——

But at that instant he caught a fleeting glimpse of Jessie's radiant face turned up to Jellifer's and it was like a revelation to him.

"Hang it all!" groaned Peter to himself, "that other fellow has been ahead of me!

"And I don't care a halfpenny—she's only a feathered-headed little coquette, after all, and Miss Betsey is worth two of her, and I ain't so very young myself, and there never was a Peck yet that didn't stick by a thing when once he'd said it."

So, taking Miss Betsey's arm tenderly under his own, he proceeded valiantly into the house to ask the squire's consent and blessing.

As for Jessie, she lingered long under the trees in the moonlight, talking with Mr. Jellifer.

When at last she came upstairs to the room which aunt and niece shared together she looked earnestly at her companion.

"Aunt Bess," said she, "what is the matter? Why do you look so happy?"

"Because Mr. Peck has asked me to marry him," replied aunt Bess softly, "and I have answered him yes."

"Well, if that isn't strange!" cried Jessie squeezing and kissing her still youthful aunt.

"And I have engaged myself to Hiram Jellifer. Oh, aunt Bess, what a sweet, bright, happy world this is!"

"It is—it is!" answered aunt Bess.

And then, strange to say, they both cried.

Granny Peck was sitting up, by her candle and fire, when at last Peter came home.

"Well, Peter," said she, "what luck?"

"It's all right, granny," said Peter. "I've asked her, and she has consented, and I'm to bring her here in three months."

Granny Peck looked doubtfully around.

"Well," said she, "I'm glad you've succeeded, Peter.

"But I'm a little afeard all these home-spun things won't be fine enough for Miss Jessie Field."

"Jessie!" echoed Peter, with an excellent imitation of surprise. "It ain't Jessie at all.

"Jessie is going to marry that Jellifer fellow. It's Miss Bessie Field, the squire's sister, as I've proposed to."

"Well, I never!" said Granny Peck. "How could I have been so mistook?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Peter stolidly.

A QUICK TEMPER.—Quick temper is one of the greatest sources of personal unhappiness, and has too often caused serious and perhaps a lasting rupture of family ties. Pride and spirit prompt you to continue the war of words, when silence would be the most prudent course.

But after the battle you count the cost, and find you have lost that feeling of self-respect which has made you walk with conscious rectitude until temper laid you low; you stand, as it were, face to face with yourself, and you are degraded in your own eyes.

You should have stopped to think, and said to yourself, "Well, if I cannot subdue my present ill-temper, at least I will not augment it by hasty and unkind words." Remember, the word that has gone out can never be recalled.

How much of heart-burning, of sorrow and remorse, we might save ourselves by silence; for truly, on such occasions, "silence is golden." We must learn, however, to use it in the right place, and in the right way.

There is a silence that irritates and a silence that soothes. The one incites to anger by a scornful and sneering expression of countenance, while the other, with anxious looks of loving deprecation, disarms the fierce passion which shrinks abashed, like some foul image of a disordered fancy, from the questioning gaze of a very pure soul.

Why waste time and feeling in petty bickering? You are only losing so much peace, and the love of those dear to you by so doing. Beware, then, of cruel words which rankle deep in the wounded heart, and often leave a sting which only the grave can cure. M. S.

A GOOD-LOOKING lass loves a good-looking glass.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE INNOCENTS.—St. Innocents' Day is considered one of evil consequence to the young and most unlucky for public affairs. Gregory says that it is the duty of all parents to whip up their children on that day, mildly repeating the cruelty of Herod, to remind them of what they escaped.

NEGROES AND SUICIDE.—Apropos of the suicide mania, a Louisville, Ky., gentleman calls attention to the fact that negroes hardly ever take their own lives. Although a great many of them are hard up from the day of their birth to the day of their death, they seldom become melancholy, and it is only among courtesans that suicides occur. They hang on to life with the tenacity of a mud-turtle.

ALL RIGHT.—The late Duke of Wellington used to say: "I'm all right. If they abolish the House of Lords I shall go over to Belgium. I'm Prince of Waterloo there. When the Great Powers swallow up Belgium I can still live in Spain, where I am Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo. And if Spain collapses I shall retire to Portugal, where I shall end my days as Marquis of Torres Vedras and Count of Vimiero."

UNDER WATER.—"The manner in which divers converse under water," says an expert, "is something which very few people know anything about. If two divers were to stand under water face to face, each might burst himself by yelling without producing the faintest sound. Both must lie down on their breasts, head to head or side by side, and in that position they can hear one another as easily as though they were in a room."

THE CHINESE.—The Chinamen of the Pacific coast are very careful to return to China the bodies of all their deceased countrymen. A Western paper says: "When a tomb is opened the resurrectionist scratches around in the dust until he has secured every part of the dried skeleton, and these are carefully sacked up in clean white sacks, about two feet in length, and labeled for the Flowery Kingdom. The cost of collecting, permit and transportation to San Francisco is $15 per skeleton, and across the ocean the charges are $30 per ton. No one is missed; not a Celestial is so poor but his bones are transported to the land he left in the years before."

SLANG.—"'Martinet,' now indispensable was the name of a historic general over-strict in discipline. 'Derrick' was a famous hangman of the seventeenth century, in honor of whom the roughs nicknamed the gallows-like hoisting apparatus. Like these many of the words that are now respectable were once gutter-children. 'Drag,' for instance, was a thieves' word for carriage, and 'dragsmen' the particular variety of thieves who followed the carriage to cut away the luggage from the rack behind. But 'drag' is good English now for a private coach. 'Kidnap' was thieves' slang for child-stealing; that is, to 'nab a kid.' 'Tie,' for cravat was as much the slang of low life as 'choker' is now. 'Conundrum,' and 'donkey,' and 'fun' were all slang words, though perhaps not so low. 'Bore' was slang, and so were 'waddle' and 'bother.'"

STRIKING NAMES.—Some of the journals of this country have striking names, among them may be cited the Tongue of Fire; Restitution; the One-Plan Herald; and Our Brother in Red. Dental science supports two remarkable papers, the Dental Jairus; and the Dental Headlight. Little Rock has a Deaf Mute Optic, and Council Bluffs a Deaf Mute Hawkeye. Among the odd, incongruous and inexplicable names borne by American newspapers may be cited the Andalusia, Ala., Wiregrass Watchman; the Watsonville, Cal., Pajoronian; the Modesta, Cal., Strawbuck; the Ouray, Col., Solid Muldoon; The Hartford, Conn., Journal of Inebriety; the Jacksonville Tropical Paradise and the Wildwood Orange Leaf, of Florida; the Mahomet Sucker State; the Ashmore Rose's Toothpick, and the Stone Fort Watchman at the Four Corners, of Illinois; the Romeo, Mich., Hydrant; the Sedalia, Mo., Bazoo; the Canajoharie, N.Y., Radii; the Baker City, Ore., Sage Brush, and our esteemed Texan contemporaries, the McKinny Black Waxy; the Bowie Cross-Timbers, and the Jefferson Jimplecute.

QUEER THINGS.—Queer things and odd happenings always appear to be more common in Georgia than elsewhere. A paper there strings together the following list that was gathered during a short vacation among the mountains: A man who has 12 living children, the oldest under sixteen years; a man let a horse bite an apple from his mouth and had his lips bitten off; a natural spring of water that carried the thermometer almost to the freezing point; a man in Gaddistown struck a small brier in his wrist and died in three days from its effects; two children so exactly alike that even their parents had to mark them to tell them apart; a young lady in Gaddistown with hair nearly six feet in length; a Dahlonega young man who has increased over one hundred pounds in weight in two years; a dog that barked himself to death; a man who has often walked from Atlanta to Gaddistown, a distance of 85 miles, from sun-up to sundown; a coachwhip snake that measured nine feet four inches in length; justice is administered in Davis district under the shade of a gigantic oak; the mountaineers are very clever, but will neither feed nor shelter revenue officers or their stock; an old man who thought that Grant was still President of the United States, and had never heard of the assassination of Garfield; the houses in Union country are generally built of poplar; a man who has been wedded to three sisters.

WHAT WE WOULD DO.

BY JOHN C. CHAMBERS.

We would strew thy path with roses
Could we order all thy way;
We would spread their sweetest fragrance
Wheresoe'er thy feet should stray.

Every joy should be about thee;
Every sorrow hide its head;
Only through the pleasant pastures
Should thy wandering feet be led.

Every heart should yield thee kindness;
Every tongue should speak thy praise;
Every friendship should be faithful;
Lit with sunshine all thy days.

And, moreover, we would bless thee
Far beyond what earth can know,
And enrich thee with the gladness
Mortals never can bestow.

We would take the morning brightness
And the noonday's golden sheen
To anoint thee with their beauty
And proclaim thee as our queen.

We would search the fields of glory
Where the sun is sinking down,
And their tairest hues entwining
Should provide thee with a crown.

Every star of purest lustre
Should adorn it with its ray,
And should light up every shadow
Round about thine earthly way.

Every ill should flee before thee,
Every good about thee shine,
Till thou, leaving earthly gladness,
Shouldst partake of the divine!

A Woman's Whim.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT, LIGHT LOVE," "BERTIE," "THE DEAN'S GRANDDAUGHTERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

BUT, to soften the austerity of her speech she bends and kisses with motherly tenderness the sweet face that is so anxiously upturned.

"Don't fret, my darling; I am not really angry.

"The prince will surely come some day, and, if he comes with empty pockets, no matter; we will fill them. Who knows but that you may meet him at this ball?"

Faire smiles and shakes her head.

"It is not at all likely."

And she grows a little frightened at her own assertion as she questions herself whom she can possibly have meant, or whether she meant any one at all.

Of course she did not.

Common sense forbids it, seeing that the only two men in London with whom she is at all well acquainted are not her own lovers, but Irene's.

Of course she meant no one, of course not of course not, she repeats, with an unnecessary vehemence that might appear like a contradiction of her words.

She glances at Lady Hainault; but Lady Hainault, full of her own thoughts, has noticed nothing unusual.

She, for her part, is speculating upon what she would have done if only Faire and Effingham Lane had fancied each other and wondering a little regretfully whether all possibility of such a thing is absolutely over.

Then suddenly she remembers that for some time she has heard nothing from Mr. Alcourt.

If only, by happy fortune, Guy Espinasse would return, all would be well.

Faire would be safe and well provided for, and she would be free to do her duty to her own kin.

That night she writes her letter; but, before she seals it up, a new idea strikes her, and she adds a postscript.

"By-the-bye, who is the heir-presumptive to the estate. I should be much obliged if you would send me by return his name and present address."

CHAPTER VI.

THE mansion in Kensington Square looks unusually gay the night of the much talked of ball.

Long ago Lady Hainault had been a beauty and leader of the fashions, and does not wish to lose her prestige now.

When Faire drives up to the door, about an hour before the other guests arrive, she scarcely recognizes the formerly somewhat gloomy outlook.

The house is brilliantly lighted, and masses of delicate hot-house blossoms perfume the evening air.

The girl smiles in pleasant anticipation of the enjoyment she expects as she runs up the crimson-carpeted steps, while the softly-tinted lanterns shed a chastened radiance upon her head.

"It is the story of Cinderella all over again," she whispers contented to herself; "and Mr. Lane's fairy-godmother is mine too."

And so indeed it proves.

Lady Hainault has promised her that she would provide a suitable gown for the occasion.

Faire had not looked for anything so lovely as the mixture of ancient pearly satin brocade and exquisite Mechlin lace that is laid out upon the room into which she is shown.

Lady Hainault comes in and finds her touching the dainty apparel admiringly with her finger-tips.

"I thought you would like it better than anything more modern," she observes.

"Like it? It is perfect! The only fault I can find is that it is too beautiful, and ought to be in a museum, fastened down securely under a glass case."

"My dear, the loveliest things look all the lovelier when worn by a pretty woman. You will only set each other off.

"You need not be afraid the old lace will rival the young face"—smiling kindly.

And when Faire presents herself for criticism before descending, Lady Hainault is fain to confess that she need not fear any rivalry at all, however potent.

The materials, lovely in themselves, have been put together by an artist's fingers, the powdered hair is put back over a cushion and fastened back by pearl ornaments which are a fortune in themselves.

Certainly no one would recognize Miss Edwardes, the companion, in this radiant creature, whose costly garb and queenly bearing alike seem to proclaim her to be one of Fortune's favorites.

"I don't think I was ever meant to be poor," she answers, when Lady Hainault says something to that effect.

"I so thoroughly enjoyed the being rich before, and even this playing at being my old self is very pleasant."

"Most people do prefer luxury to poverty no doubt," is the dry response; "but you are too proud to be comfortable.

"You won't come and live here and make me happy, and yourself; and you have nothing like the sense of Penelope Guy."

"What has she done, aunt Paul, to make you think so highly of her?" asks Faire, who, in the more stirring events of these last few months, has forgotten the Vicar's niece.

"I think I told you she went as nursery-governess to a lady living not very far from here.

"Yesterday she came to see me, brimful of delighted triumph.

"She is going to be married to the lady's only brother, a rich Indian civilian, who was home on six months' leave."

"The moral of which is, I am to go and do likewise," laughs Faire good-humoredly.

"I would not have you marry just anybody, child, for the sake of his money only.

"But there is this possible heir to Manor Seton—so strange we have never heard his name.

"Now that would be a match after my very own heart."

"Perhaps he is married already. You never thought of that, nor of what his wife would say if she heard of your unprincipled scheming," is the gay retort.

Then, with a sudden change of tone—"And, aunt Paul, do you know I cannot help thinking that Guy will come back yet.

"I see him so often in my dreams, and always with the same bright, happy face.

"I cannot believe him dead. Oh, what weary, weary work it is waiting for news like this!"

Tears stand in the girl's sweet blue eyes.

And, fearful that they might fall, Lady Hainault kisses her hastily and proposes a move downstairs.

As they reach the ball-room, the sound of carriages driving up to the door tells them that the first guests have arrived.

The rooms are full when Effingham Lane enters with Colonel Crewe.

The former is at once appropriated by Lady Hainault, the other wanders about aimlessly, wondering why he came, hating these things as he does.

There is not a chance of eliciting any information from his hostess to-night.

She will be far too deeply engaged, and there were other less irksome ways of making her acquaintance.

Why had he not gone with Irene to the theatre?

She had asked him to accompany her, and seemed surprised when he pleaded a previous engagement.

Or, better still, why had he not remained at home, comfortably ensconced in the library arm-chair, enjoying the evening papers?

Ah, he knows well the reason why he has been afraid of solitude of late!

It is because he cannot retain his thoughts from wandering to the quiet companion who goes on her way demurely day after day, apparently unconscious of his presence and certainly never guessing that she is more to him than all the world beside, and that, were his honor not pledged, he would spare no pains, poor and obscure as she is, to win her for his own.

He is thankful that she does not know, and that he is spared the temptation of the too seductive thought that she might have returned his love had he been free to ask it.

But his reverie is brought abruptly to an end as, turning towards the conservatory door, a figure meets him on the threshold, and a face that surely he has seen before is uplifted to his own.

His first sensation is admiration only, tempered with the curiosity that a man naturally feels about a lovely face.

And then a deeper feeling is awakened as the beautiful eyes dilate in evident fear, and then droop in uncontrollable confusion that sends a burning blush over the snowy brow and throat.

Who is she?

What is she to him that she should betray this emotion at their meeting? Have they ever met before?

She is not one to be easily forgotten. He had known her when a child perhaps.

She has passed on, and he has turned to watch her as she goes.

Yes, there is something strangely familiar in her movements, and, though their eyes only met for that one short moment, he could swear that hers were blue.

He has seen her in his dreams—but no!

Only one face lately has haunted him sleeping and waking.

Stay! What a wild suspicion has entered into his brain!

It is too mad to put into words, but too strong to be exercised without some proof of its fallacy.

He joins an acquaintance who is standing near.

"Can you tell me who the lady is in white?"

"With the pearls and powdered hair?" is the questioning reply.

"Yes, over there, just passing the door."

"Why, that is 'Ye Faire Espinasse'! Not know her? You must have heard of her at least.

"Her father owned half Blankshire, and she is the beauty of the county."

"Has she been long in town?"

He is talking at random, trying to read the riddle that is puzzling him, but unable even to find a clue.

Strange he should see her thus for the first time whose name has been so often on his lips the last few months.

Yes; he has heard of her; but where can he have seen her?

"I should say she has only just come up," goes on his companion, not observing his bewilderment.

"She is not one to be easily overlooked. She is looking very well to-night, although poudre costumes don't generally suit fair people.

"I daresay you don't admire fair beauties being fair yourself; but you must admit she is a very striking girl."

"I admire her very much," answers Colonel Crewe constrainedly.

"Then I will introduce you if you like. Here she comes now. Her character is 'White Dresden China,' I suppose."

And the next moment Colonel Crewe finds himself standing before Miss Espinasse with bowed head, as his friend repeats the names of each.

Faire is very pale, but self-possessed, though she dare not raise her eyes nor speak.

For a moment Colonel Crewe is also silent.

The band is playing the beginning of a square dance, and some people wanting a vis-a-vis are looking anxiously in their direction.

"Miss Espinasse, I am not a dancing man; but, if you will walk with me through these Lancers, I will try not to disgrace you," says Colonel Crewe suddenly, fearful that any one else might step in and carry her off.

And because to assent is less embarrassing than to refuse, Faire lays her hand upon his arm and allows him to lead her into the set.

Half of it is danced by them in utter silence, Colonel Crewe feeling as though he were in a fairy circle, and that a word might break the spell.

His mind is full of conflicting emotions, he cannot arrange his thoughts.

If only she would speak, he might discover something from her voice.

At present he is in a maze. If he were in love with this stranger, to whom he has only just been presented, he could not be more confused.

He looks at his partner, and she smiles pleasantly.

Overcome by the humorous side of the situation, she nearly laughs aloud, and her eyes are brimming over with merriment.

Colonel Crewe draws himself up a little stiffly.

Is she laughing at him? And then a memory sweeps across his mind of another mirthful face that met him once upon the stairs, and the slight feeling of wounded amour propre is speedily forgotten in a new bewildering suspicion.

That face in no way resembles this that is smiling at him now, and the framing of each is still more markedly dissimilar, and yet Colonel Crewe feels an excited glow, as though he were nearer the mystery at last.

He must make her speak, he must hear her voice at once.

"I am afraid I am a very silent partner, Miss Espinasse; but I told you I was an inexperienced dancer, and it was a point of honor with me to acquit myself tolerably well, after what I promised you."

Miss Espinasse smiles sweetly, but makes no reply in words.

Just then she has to make a movement in the dance, so that her silence is not singular.

Moreover, she has determined not to speak if she can help it, knowing that her voice is most likely to betray her.

She had been thunderstruck at sight of him.

Mr. Lane would never recognize her, she knew; but he——

The suggestive pause in her thought seems to imply that she has not been so blind to Colonel Crewe's infatuation as he had thought.

Not that she put the fact plainly to herself; but she has felt it in her "inner" consciousness."

The dance is over, and Colonel Crewe leads her into the corridor.

The cold wintry air, heavy with its unaccustomed burden of flowery scents, sweeps in refreshingly through the large open window.

Soft rosy lights fall from pink shaded lamps upon the Parian marble figures that are bearing them aloft.

Large flowering shrubs fill every available space, and chairs are almost hidden in bowers of green foliage.

It is as though summer had been wooed back for a single night, and was holding carnival within, in defiance of King Winter who reigns supreme without.

Quaintly costumed figures are flitting to and fro.

A Spanish matador passes arm-in-arm with a Turkish lady.

French and German peasants are chatting with harlequins and clowns.

One pretty girl, the queen of the fairies, trips by, followed by a train of humble courtiers, amongst whom are a sultan and a sweep.

Colonel Crewe is in uniform, and looks very distinguished, Faire thinks, as she glances shyly at him.

He leads her to a chair that stands alone in a secluded corner, and ranges himself beside her.

A vase of flowers is on the table close to his hand, and idly he picks from it a sprig of gardenia and drops it into her lap.

She flushes as she takes it in her white fingers.

"Miss Espinasse, have I met you anywhere before?" he asks her impulsively, determined to know the truth.

"Perhaps—I daresay—one meets so many people, one forgets" she stammers, the fear she feels lest she should be discovered hardening and effectually disguising her usual dulcet tones.

He looked puzzled and a little disappointed.

"There are some people who would never be forgotten by any one who had seen them once."

She accepts the implied compliment as a fact that does not need denial, bending her small head in graceful acknowledgment of the same.

"Perhaps you do not care for gardenia; the scent is a little powerful. Let me take it from you," he says presently, noticing that she is only twisting it between her fingers, and does not raise it to her face.

But she draws it back directly.

"I like it," she answers shortly.

And at that moment another partner comes to claim her for the dance, and, with a half-bow, she leaves him standing there.

Following her back into the ball-room, he finds himself near the Honorable Effingham Lane.

He is full of enthusiasm about his new found-relative.

Colonel Crewe listens to him absently until Faire glides past them in the waltz. Then he grasps him quickly by the arm.

"Tell me, Effie, have you ever seen that face before?"

"By Jove, no!" answers the young guardsman promptly. "Never saw one so good-looking. Who is she, Colonel?"

"It is Miss Espinasse."

"What, the Miss Espinasse?"

"The very same. But she not remind you of some one else?"

"I think she does, but I can't say exactly who it is. Let me see"—knitting his brows—"it isn't Irene, I suppose?"

"Irene—pshaw! You think of nothing else," exclaims the Colonel, losing his patience; and, turning on his heel, he walks away.

"Very true," admits Mr. Lane ruefully to himself, when he is left alone; "but I did not think he knew it, all the same. Perhaps that is why he wanted me to go abroad."

Thinking deeply over this, he does not notice that Miss Espinasse has left the room and that Colonel Crewe has followed, or his suspicions might have been awakened.

As it is, he only plumes himself upon the fact that the Colonel is jealous of him—and the circumstance gives him renewed hope.

Faire had seen the two talking together, and, with a woman's quick perception, had guessed they spoke of her.

Fearful of discovery, she had made some excuse to her partner, and, without saying good-bye even to Lady Hainault, has slipped upstairs, and, rapidly changing her clothes, left the house by another door.

When Seton Crewe reaches the hall there is no sign of any one having left, and the servants, on being questioned, deny that any one has passed them.

Decidedly puzzled and put out, he retraces his steps, but smiles involuntarily when a little gilt time-piece, half hidden on a bracket in a mass of ferns, meets his eyes.

It is a quarter-past twelve.

"Of course, it was Cinderella herself; no wonder that she hurried away without farewells!

"She had over-stayed her time already, and is back again in her rags among the cinders now.

"Well, I only wish she had left her little glass slipper behind her."

So he thinks, and, as he passes the chair where she had been sitting, sees something white upon the floor. Quickly he raises it.

It is of softest lace and cambric, and in a corner there is an embroidered coat-of-arms over the initials "F. E."

CHAPTER VII.

THE following morning, just as Faire is ready to descend, only hesitating because she dreads the meeting with Col-

onel Crewe, Irene's maid meets her on the threshold of her own room.

"Mrs. and Miss Sloane-Trevor are breakfasting in their rooms," she announces; "where would Miss Edwardes like to take the meal?

"It is already served in the breakfast-room, and Colonel Crewe is waiting; but if she would prefer——"

Faire catches at the idea.

Not for the world would she go downstairs, and stand the fire of those keen blue eyes in an embarrassing tete-a-tete.

No, she too will breakfast in her room, and not go down until all chance of being left alone with him is over.

She spends the morning writing letters, and despatches a note also to Lady Hainault, telling her why she left so early.

Then, towards luncheon-time, she goes down, feeling certain that Irene must be there before now, and that Colonel Crewe must have left the house.

But she has reckoned wrongly.

When she goes into the drawing-room it is empty.

Irene has evidently been taken with an unusual fit of laziness.

When she goes towards the dining-room to arrange some fresh flowers for the table, Colonel Crewe comes out from the library, where he has been listening so eagerly for her footsteps, and opens the door for her to pass through.

She murmurs a good-morning, and tries vainly to dismiss him with a frigid bow of thanks.

He is impervious to rebuff, and shows no signs of intending to depart.

"Everybody was very selfish this morning. Do you know that I breakfasted quite alone?" he asks, balancing a chair and leaning over it in such wise that he can command a full view of her face and its varying expression.

"Miss Sloane-Trevor is not often a delinquent."

"Nor are you, Miss Edwardes. How was it that it happened so to-day?

"Were you at the theatre too last night?" he asks her mercilessly, not regarding the scared expression of her paling face.

"No, I was not at the theatre," she answers painfully.

"At a dance perhaps?—you are looking very tired."

"I—I am not tired."

And then, growing suddenly angry—he has no right to torture her like this, not even if he knows the truth.

In any case how dare he catechise her so?

"You are in my way, Colonel Crewe," she tells him almost fiercely.

"I cannot reach my ferns unless you stand aside."

He moves to the other side of the table, but no farther.

"Let me help you," he says gently; "when I was a youngster I used to decorate the mess, and am accustomed to arranging flowers."

Without waiting for her permission he draws a specimen-glass towards him and begins to fill it.

Before long, almost to her surprise, she finds herself talking to him easily and naturally, as though she had no secret to hide, or he no chance of discovering it.

Oddly enough, he too has forgotten his suspicions, and is only thinking of her now as the woman he loves.

It is as though only these two existed in the whole world.

Once, as they are filling the large centre-piece, the fingers touch, and Faire withdraws hers, blushing.

After that a strange silence falls upon them, which is not broken until their work is ended.

Then Faire shyly thanks him for his help.

For a moment he only looks at her without attempting a reply, and then he says awkwardly, as though the words were forced from him against his will—

"Don't you know that it was a pleasure, Miss Edwardes.

"Don't you know that I would risk a great deal to spend such another hour again?"

Her startled glance recalls him to himself.

What has he said? He scarcely knows. Something wild and unconsidered, he is certain, for his pulses are throbbing madly with excitement, and he can only stare at her, stammering.

For a moment she too is nonplushed, betraying by her confusion that she has not been able to listen calmly to his words.

Then—anything being better than the meaningful silence—she murmurs hesitatingly, as though conscious of making an inadequate remark—

"You are very fond of flowers."

"Am I? I daresay I am"—laughing grimly. "It is a very humanising taste, don't you think?"

"I suppose most people are very fond of flowers."

"Just so. Miss Edwardes, gratify this taste of mine by giving me the chrysanthemum that is in your belt. Will you, please?"

The companion's demure face flushes at the passionate entreaty in his tone, but she does not refuse.

It is a fresh flower gathered that morning and has a leaf with it which she evidently means to retain.

Perhaps her fingers tremble a little through nervousness, for she draws all out together, and on the ground there falls a nearly faded flower which had lain concealed behind.

Colonel Crewe stoops and picks it up. He has even restored it to the owner, and placed the crimson chrysanthemum in his coat, before it flashes across his mind that he had given Miss Espinasse a sprig of gardenia the night before.

He glances rapidly over the flowers they have arranged.

Not a piece of it is to be seen; then he looks into her face, and can doubt the truth no longer.

Why is she looking so white and stricken if she were guilty?

Is it with Lady Hainault's knowledge that she has been masquerading there? Is even Miss Espinasse aware that some one has dared to adopt her identity and name? It never strikes him that the name under which he knew her first might be the one which is assumed. It is Frances Edwardes he loves, and whom he now suspects—more he cannot realize as yet.

He looks into her eyes sternly and searchingly, as though he would compel from her all the truth, and shyly yet proudly she returns the gaze.

Before he can speak to accuse, or she attempt anything in extenuation, a servant enters and the opportunity is gone.

Colonel Crewe turns sharply and leaves the room.

He is going up to his own room, to ensure a little time to himself for thinking.

As he passes along the upper corridor he sees Irene's maid standing outside of Miss Edwardes' door with a large black cloak in her hand, at which she is vigorously brushing.

She has been in Mrs. Sloane-Trevor's service for many years, and looks upon the Colonel almost as her master.

She drops a curtsey when she sees him.

"Well, Anne," he asks her rallyingly, marking her hot face, "what are you looking so put out about? Does Miss Irene give you too much work?"

"Not she, sir; and it ain't the amount of work that would make me grumble; but just look now at Miss Edwardes' cloak. It is just as if she'd turned it inside out in a flour-bin, out of real viciousness, for there could be no call to make it all white like that."

She holds it up as she speaks.

There, all inside the hood and down the inside of the back, are streaks of the powder that had fallen from Faire's hair as she left so hurriedly the night before.

Here is still another link in the chain—another proof, if more proof were wanted.

Hastily condoling with the girl upon her grievance, the Colonel goes on to his own room.

He will get the handkerchief, and confront her with it now.

Meanwhile Faire is left standing by the table, gazing blankly at the finished flowers.

The servant, who, entering, had put an end to further conversation, had given her a letter and then withdrawn; but she does not attempt to read it.

She is in a dream just now—a dream full of sweetest possibilities and wildest hopes.

He has discovered her imposture, it is true; but what of that?

Surely he will forgive the deceit for the sake of the love which his manner had at the same time so unmistakably betrayed to her!

And she? Ah, that is what is keeping her so thoughtful and so still!

She is conscious of a new emotion thrilling through her veins, making her eyes droop and her face warm into womanly beauty.

It is growing clear to her, as she clasps the greatly treasured sprig of gardenia tightly in her hand, that she loves him also.

No thought of Irene enters into her rapturous trance—to disturb it—there is only room for the one feeling at first.

She loves at last, and does not love in vain.

By-and-by the servants come in to lay the table for luncheon.

Then she is obliged to arouse herself and go into the drawing-room.

Irene is there now, and greets her with a cold smile.

She is evidently preoccupied; it has not been entirely laziness that kept her in her room.

She takes up the paper when Faire enters, and feigns to be absorbed in its contents.

Then the letter is opened.

It is from Lady Hainault, in answer to that one which Faire had written earlier in the day.

At first it is only carefully perused, then a sentence occurs that seems to stand out in letters of fire, burning into the girl's brain as she reads it.

"Who do you think is the next heir to the estate? No other than the Colonel Crewe who is living in the same house with you, and who I hear was the friend that Effingham brought to my ball last night!

"His father was your father's cousin, so the relationship is not very near. How strangely things turn out! I only heard it from Mr. Alcourt this morning;" and then in a postscript she naively adds—"Are you quite sure that Colonel Crewe is going to marry Miss Sloane-Trevor?"

The dream is ended—the pity of it is that it should have lasted for so short a time!

Long she had said that the man who was to reign at Seton Manor in her brother's stead was the last man in the world that she should marry.

And shall she be less independent now than then?

Shall she do as Penelope Gay has done? No—a thousand times no!

Even if her pride did not forbid it, her natural affection would.

The wonder is that she had never suspected this before.

His evident knowledge of North Barham names, his interest in herself as Faire Espinasse, and his name—Seton.

How was it that it had elicited no inquiry and consequent discovery of the fact?

"Is it true," she asks Miss Sloane-Trevor abruptly, "that Colonel Crewe owns property in North Barham?"

"I believe there is a question of his coming into some there or thereabouts," is the indifferent reply.

"Belonging formerly to people of the name of Espinasse?"

"I think that was the name. Why do you ask?"

"Because I knew them, and am interested in the story. There was a daughter, was there not?"

"Oh, yes, there is a daughter! I remember Seton had some romantic notion of giving up his claim to the estate in her favor. It was very hard for her, of course; but still it would have been very Quixotic to refuse such a handsome fortune for the sake of an idea."

"Very Quixotic, indeed. I suppose he is very rich, independently of that," said Faire.

"Notoriously so; he was one of last season's eligibles; they discovered coal mines, or iron, or something on one of his estates, and his income was doubled in a year. He is a very lucky fellow."

But Faire does not respond—she is thinking, thinking until her head whirls, and it seems as though she must hold it tightly with both hands to keep it still.

Ah, yes, the dream is ended; it has passed far into the distance, and there fades gradually away!

So faint and visionary has it become that she can scarcely believe that it was ever real and life-like.

She and Seton Crewe as lovers—he and she as man and wife!

Faugh!

The absurdity lies on the very face of it—he will marry Irene, and live a fashionable, if loveless life.

She will—ah, what is she to do?

That is just the question; she cannot stay on here after what has passed—that is very certain; but all else seems dark and undecided.

The luncheon-bell rings, and she rouses herself.

Irene folds her newspaper and rises, yawning; to her it has seemed the dullest possible of mornings, but to Faire it has been the epitome of a life's experience, in which she has learnt to know both "love and sorrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY HAINAULT had been greatly excited by the information she had received.

When her note to Faire had gone, she remembers so many things that might with advantage have been said, that she resolves to risk visiting her where she is, to talk the matter well over.

Faire is startled but not surprised when she is told that a lady is waiting to see her in the drawing-room.

She had half expected Lady Hainault would come, and is anxious to consult with her as to what is the next thing to be done.

The greetings over, the elder lady at once opens the attack.

"I never was so surprised in all my life as when I heard from Mr. Alcourt this morning that Colonel Crewe was the man about whom we have been wondering all this time—Colonel Seton Crewe; I wonder, Faire, that you never saw the coincidence of names. It seems like fate that you and he should find yourselves located in the same house."

"Why like fate?"

"Don't you see? My match-making instincts were not mistaken utterly. Everything combines to make it desirable that you and he should marry."

"And Miss Sloane-Trevor is to have nothing to say to it at all?"—with a slight weary smile.

"She can marry my godson Effingham; you told me yourself that you did not think she was engaged to Colonel Crewe. I dare say she is only encouraging him because he is so very rich."

"Which is exactly what you wish me to do, if I understand you aright; and if it were not so—if Irene had no existence even—why should you suppose that I should ever care for him?"

"I—I don't know; he is very good-looking," says Lady Hainault, somewhat taken aback.

"Red hair"—drily.

"Remarkably soldier-like in appearance. I thought the other night he had a very fine figure indeed."

"And a very plain face."

"How perverse you are! If he were poor he would not be so hypercritical. You only find fault with him because he is rich and a *bon parti*."

"Dear Lady Hainault, don't be vexed. What would be the good of my caring for him if he is to marry Miss Sloane-Trevor? I shall leave here now at once, of course; and tell me what I am to do."

"You must come and live with me as my very dear daughter."

Faire, who is kneeling at the old lady's feet, throws her arms around her waist, and lays her head in her lap.

It is such a rest to be loved and cared for once again, and she is very grateful for the kindness that has never failed her yet.

How would it have been if she had accepted that offer when it was first made—if she had never come into this house at all, never met Seton Crewe, and never loved him?

Ah, she cannot wish it had been so!

There has been too much of pleasure mingled with the pain.

They are in the inner drawing-room, with the door that divids it from the larger one standing half open.

During the silence that ensues some one enters the latter, and Lady Hainault rises to go.

But Faire pulls her gently back into her seat.

"Don't go just yet, aunt Paul; it is only Miss Sloane-Trevor. She will not stay in there long, and I want to speak to you about so many things."

Some one else has joined Irene now, and there is a confused sound of voices, evidently in serious discussion.

"It is Mr. Lane, and they are quarrelling, as usual," murmurs Faire in explanation.

But the next words, spoken by Irene, ringing out clear and unmistakable, startle her into silence.

"I wonder why I care for you at all?" says Irene.

"Because you cannot help it, of course. Don't suppose for a moment that I flatter myself you have fallen in love with me with your eyes open," returns Effingham Lane smartly.

But there is a tremor in his tones that tells of a deeper feeling underlying the careless banter.

"Love being blinder in my case than it has ever been before."

"Don't be so vicious, Irene. It's not my fault that I am not so rich as the Colonel—not such a good match, and not so handsome either.

"And I'm sure you have nothing with which to reproach yourself; you tried hard to like him best."

Naturally I did. I am quite alive to the advantages of liking—and marrying—a millionaire, although——"

"Although you have engaged yourself to a genteel pauper. Irene, don't say you regret it already!"

There is no audible reply; but something evidently happens to reassure him, for he goes on cheerfully—

"I believe that love in a cottage is a very jolly thing, in spite of the absence of the stalled ox. You're not very fond of beef, are you, Irene?"

"You stupid boy!"

And then ensues another satisfactory silence, at the end of which Mr. Lane says, with nearly as much of triumph as commiseration—

"The poor Colonel! It must be dreadfully galling to be cut by one's own subaltern—and when he thought success so certain, too."

"I don't think that he will mind a bit. He is so cool and self-contained. I don't think he knows what love is," says Irene, in a piqued tone.

"Oh, yes, he does! Some one has been teaching him lately, and I thought it has been you."

"Oh, no! He never cared for me; although, to do him justice, I know he tried, and would have been a good husband to me if——"

"If you had not preferred a bad one," said Effingham.

"Exactly. You must not taunt me with my bad taste. Rather pity me for it, or praise me, since you are so great a gainer. Let my hand alone, Effie; it is time for you to go."

"Not just yet, Irene; let me stay a little longer. No one will be coming before five."

"Not another moment," is the determined reply. "Remember Seton does not know yet. You must not come again until I have told him; and there is mamma to break it to as well."

"She will be very disappointed."

"Dreadfully so. It has been her one wish always. Only the thought of her made me hold out so long. That was what made me so often seem proud and heartless when I cared the most. I was so angry with myself and you."

"And now you have capitulated at last, lowered your colors, and don't even strive to make any terms. Never mind, my darling, I will be a very generous conqueror. You shall never repent having given your life into my hands."

Then whispers, and then utter silence, as the two leave the room together.

Then Lady Hainault and Faire exchange glances.

"We ought not to have listened," says Faire remorsefully.

"The fault is theirs," returns Lady Hainault promptly. "They ought to have assured themselves that no one was in here. If they go on in this improvident thoughtless fashion the dinner of dried herbs will come sooner than they think."

"Aunt Paul," says Faire, "I have changed my mind."

"Of course you have, my dear; it is only to be expected. Miss Sloane-Trevor being happily disposed of, there is now no reason in the world why you should not marry Colonel Crewe."

"Except that I do not wish to do so. Do you think I would do as Penelope Gay has done—have all my friends congratulating me upon my worldly wisdom, and my enemies upon my very successful scheming? Besides he has not asked me."

"But if he does?"

"If he does I shall say 'no.' I told you before, and in this case have not altered my opinion, that I would not marry the man who benefits by Guy's death."

"Then may I ask," says Lady Hainault,

a little out of patience, "how you have changed your mind?"

"About coming to live with you. Don't be angry with me, dear, kind friend, or think that I am ungrateful for your goodness; but I ought to be independent, and get accustomed to working for my living."

"The old story over again," sighs Lady Hainault. "Child, why won't you be reasonable?"

"Because I have lost my own fortune is no excuse for my standing in another's light," the girl goes on earnestly. "And Lady Hainault, you know that if I had no existence you would make Mr. Lane your heir."

"But you do exist, my dear; and just think what I should be without you—a lonely old woman, with no one in the world to love!"

"Then give me the love still, and let your godson have the money. Indeed—indeed I shall be happier without that."

"You are not fit to battle with the world. You are too delicate—too young!"

"But Irene is even less fitted for poverty than I; Mrs. Sloane-Trevor's money all reverts to a younger brother at her death. She told me so herself, and seemed delighted that her daughter's future was so happily assured as she thought it then was—and now!"

She looks into Lady Hainault's face, and sees it softening.

Indeed she cannot but be moved at the girl's generous pleading—all for another, nothing for herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VAL'S GOVERNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SAILOR BOYS," "A FALSE FRIEND," "AS ROSES FADE," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

HE was quite in earnest, she saw, and very angry; for, though his face might have been cast in iron, his eyes were watching her with a determined light in their brown depths that boded little good to her if she defied him further; and yet she could scarcely bear to give up the letter to her rival; so, with an hysterical—"Take your horrid letter, then!" she threw it over Mr. Galbraith's shoulder, into the glowing coals beyond.

Teddie turned quickly and made a spring towards the fire.

But he was too late; the greedy flames were already curling round it, and in another moment it was gone.

"I should like to hear your explanation of this," he said sternly, laying his hand somewhat roughly on his cousin's arm.

Her only answer was a violent flood of tears, and for two or three minutes she sobbed aloud.

In former quarrels, this had always had the effect of making her lazy cousin give way to her or let her alone.

But this time he only stood quietly waiting until she had recovered a little, and then repeated his question, though rather more gently.

"I am really sorry, Teddie," she said at length, quite humbly. "Will you, like a good boy, forgive me, and say nothing about it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Galbraith, to whom the scene had been very painful—for he was a strictly honorable man, and it grieved him to see how little his cousin thought of the dishonorable deed he had discovered her in the act of committing.

"But you must promise me in return, Flora, that you will never do anything like this again," he added.

Flora promised willingly; and then, as some one entered the hall, she ran hastily upstairs to conceal her tear-stained face.

"I hate her, I hate her!" she murmured, as she went swiftly to her room. "And I will separate them yet."

* * * * * *

Some little time later, as Nellie was passing along the hall on her way upstairs, her foot struck against something hard, and, on looking down, she saw a small gold brooch set with rubies, that had become entangled in the fringe of the rug at the foot of the stairs.

With some difficulty she loosened it, and then saw that it was one of Flora's—a great favorite and one often worn by her.

"What lovely stones!" she exclaimed, as she gently freed it from some loose hairs and rubbed its bright face.

"I wonder if she has missed it yet? I will leave it at her door as I pass."

Knocking at Miss Hildyard's door, she was rather sorry when, instead of the maid answering it, Flora's voice at once called out to her to come in, and, entering, she beheld that young lady seated there in her dressing-gown.

"Oh, do you wish to speak to me?" she inquired coldly, looking Nellie carefully over as she spoke, and feeling a strong desire to get up and shake her for being so beautiful.

"No," said Nellie candidly. "I only wanted to restore this to you"—handing her the brooch.

"I have just found it in the hall, and thought that you would be glad to have it. Did you know you had lost it?"

"I had just discovered its loss, and sent Jeanette to look for it," replied Flora; and she returned to her contemplation of the fire without another word.

Nellie was by this time too much accustomed to Flora's manner to take much notice of it.

She was turning to leave the room when Miss Hildyard's voice arrested her.

"Miss O'Ferra, I wish to speak to you for a moment."

Nellie came slowly back, and, leaning both arms on the back of a high carved chair, stood quietly waiting for something very disagreeable, she was sure.

Flora never took the trouble to speak to her unless it was to endeavor to wound or annoy.

"I shall not keep you long," said Miss Hildyard, "as I simply wish to remind you that you are here as my brother Valentine's governess, and not to flirt with the gentlemen!"

Having delivered this cruel and insulting speech, Flora sank back in her chair and calmly watched her rival.

But Nellie's face only turned a shade paler, though she instinctively threw her little head back proudly as she answered quietly—

"I think you must know, Miss Hildyard, that there is no truth in your insinuation.

"Assuredly I am here as little Val's governess.

"I am proud to know that not one of the O'Ferras would have spoken to the meanest peasants on their estate as you have spoken to me—not only to-night, but very often!"

The girl flushed slightly as she finished speaking.

She looked Flora undauntedly straight in the face with her lovely clear grey eyes, before which Miss Hildyard turned uneasily away, though she said with considerable temper—

"Do you mean to insult me?"

"No," returned Nellie slowly; "but I think I am the one that should ask that question."

"You cannot deny that you did try to flirt with my cousin," cried Flora, throwing all reason to the winds in her jealous rage, "for he told me so himself!"

This was too much; and, with crimsoning cheeks, Nellie answered hastily—

"You must excuse me, but I do not believe you! I am quite sure Mr. Galbraith never said such a thing, for he is a gentleman.

"I shall remain no longer to listen to such remarks;" and, before Flora could recover from her surprise, Nellie had swept from the room like an empress.

Once outside Flora's room, she flew to her own apartment, and, hastily securing the door, she threw herself upon the bed and sobbed bitterly.

"What shall I do?" she moaned. "She will keep saying these horrible things, though she knows they are not true! Oh, Teddie, Teddie, you little know what I have to suffer through you!

"Yet I could bear it all if I thought you cared for me, darling."

CHAPTER VII.

NELLIE punished herself for the next few days by keeping out of the drawing-room and avoiding Mr. Galbraith who assiduously endeavored to get speech with her.

She filled up her time in the evening, after Val had gone to bed, in writing long letters to Maude, and, although she tried to make them beam with happiness, somehow a vein of melancholy would pervade them, and, singularly enough, though Colin Munteith's name was frequently mentioned therein, Edward Galbraith's was entirely absent.

By the twenty-ninth the snow that had fallen during Christmas was frozen hard; and in the afternoon, as the household seemed wholly occupied in the preparations for the night's ball, Nellie and Val set out for a walk, deciding to go over the Crown and see how King Frost had decked out their favorite spot with glittering gems.

The white ground was like iron; and, as they raced through the garden and out into the woodland path, the keen frosty air soon brought the color into their cheeks.

Would Nellie have paused if she had known that Mr. Galbraith had seen them go out, and was quietly following them?

She would perhaps have gone another way, and tried by every means in her power to keep out of his sight.

As it was however, she was astonished and dismayed to see him before her when she came round the ruined wall, having left Val to hide, and go through the usual programme of not being able to find him, though perfectly cognisant of his whereabouts.

"How fast you came!" was Teddie's greeting. "I could scarcely keep you within sight."

"You came after us?" cried Nellie.

"Yes, I did; I wanted to speak to you, and you avoid me so con—awfully," he replied doggedly. "Nellie——"

"Sir," she exclaimed very quickly, "please remember that my name is O'Ferra!"

"I never forget it for a single day, or anything else concerning you—Nellie. Yes, I will say it," he answered, advancing and taking her hand.

Nellie snatched it away, and, looking defiantly into his eyes, said—

"You take a mean advantage of my position here, Mr. Galbraith; and let me tell you I think it very cowardly of you and unkind; please don't approach me; I will not listen to you, and I—I must find Val."

"Why won't you listen to me, my little darling?" said Teddie, coming quite close and looking gently into her flushed face. "What have those people down there been saying to you about me?" and he waved his hand in the direction of Warden Chase as he spoke.

"Nothing," replied Nellie abruptly; though all the time Flora's face and Mrs. Brooke's words kept dancing before her eyes.

He was amusing himself now! perhaps; very amusing, no doubt, to him, but death to her!

"Oh, Nellie," cried Teddie, "what have I done, that you should avoid me?

"Am I an animated pestilence that you should thus shun me?

"I won't have it, and you shall hear me, dearest, now that I have found you," he added, almost roughly; and, taking possession of both her hands, he held them in his firm tender clasp.

Nellie gave one look into the love-lit brown eyes so near her own, and then, with a passionate cry, sprang away from him.

Stepping lightly over the stones scattered round, she hastened out of his sight; and, finding Val coming in search of her, she seized his hand, and declaring it was time to go home.

A moment later, when Teddie followed, it was but a distant view he had of the two retreating figures.

"What keeps her from me? She doesn't dislike me," he said aloud.

"I must and will have it out with her; by Heaven I will, to-night! Oh, hang it, there's that confounded ball, and my little darling won't be there; that is Flora's fault!"

Nellie reached home breathless, and she at once sent Val to the study.

"I don't mean to think about him or anything he said, I am determined I won't," thought the girl, as she stood before the glass, passing the comb rapidly through her thick soft hair.

"I will be down early, and get a book; then I shall have no time to remember, at all, at all."

But all the same she could not banish from her mind Teddie's face.

"I was horrid to him," she thought remorsefully.

"They may say what they like, but somehow I feel that he is true; and now perhaps he is angry, and will not speak to me again; for—— Ah, I was dreadfully, dreadfully rude to him!"

When she had finished her toilette she went down to the library.

Some one sprang up as she entered the room, and came towards her, saying—

"Miss O'Ferra, how very glad I am to see you! I have been longing to speak to you the last day or two; but you seem to have quite deserted me."

It was Colin Munteith who spoke; and, as Nellie looked at his eager face, she felt, for the second time that day, a strong desire to turn and flee.

But that would be too undignified, she thought.

She said calmly, and keeping her eyes turned from him—

"I am going to desert again now, but I want a book for Val first. I wonder where it is?"—her eyes wandering over the shelves.

"I will help you to find it, if you will only give me five minutes first," said Colin wheeling round a chair.

"Won't you be seated for a few minutes?"

"I would rather stand, thank you; but—but don't you think you had better not—say anything?" said Nellie, looking longingly at the door.

"I must; I must know my fate!" he cried.

"Ah, you must know—you must have felt how much I love you, Miss O'Ferra! From the first moment I saw your sweet face and held you in my arms, I have lived for and thought of nothing else."

"Oh, please, please say no more! You cannot think how sorry I am," said Nellie, her cheeks turning rapidly from red to white.

"Can't you try to love me a little, a very little? Oh, Nellie, be my wife!" entreated Colin, his face almost as white as her own, as he took both her trembling little hands in his.

But she drew them gently away, and shook her head.

Colin turned away with a deep sigh.

Neither of them heard the door open, as Teddie looked in, and, after one glance at the silent pair, went quietly away.

At length Nellie laid her hand gently on Colin's arm.

"Mr. Munteith, I am so very, miserable; indeed, I like you very much; but—but——"

"Don't say you love some other fellow, Nellie! Say you don't, and I will make you love me, my darling!" cried Colin eagerly. "Do you?

"Please ask me nothing; I cannot answer you," said Nellie, her gray eyes full of tears, as she lifted them imploringly to the ardent, anxious face of her handsome young lover.

"I am answered," he replied, gently raising her hands to his lips.

"I can never love another woman as I love you, Nellie; you cannot help that, nor can I.

"I shall go on loving you to the end of my days; and who knows, perhaps some time——"

"Never, never!" cried Nellie, who felt her self-possession rapidly slipping from her. "Let me go—oh, please let me go!"

He released her hands without another word.

Oblivious of the book she had come to seek, she fled from the room.

In the hall she encountered Flora, who glanced at her pale face and tearful eyes with quick suspicion.

"Miss O'Ferra, do you know where Mr. Galbraith is?" she asked sharply.

"No," returned Nellie shortly, and passed on.

Flora went softly to the library door and looked in.

Colin Munteith stood by the fire, his head sunk on his arms, which were crossed on the mantelpiece; his whole attitude one of dejection.

"She has refused him," she muttered angrily. "The idiot! She might have had any of them—all of them, if she had only left me Teddie—ah!"

As she returned, she saw her cousin in the hall, standing in his favorite place, with his shoulder against one corner of the fire-place and he was softly whistling "Over the Garden Wall."

"Why Flo," he said, lifting his eyes, which had now no fun in them, from the contemplation of his boots, "I thought you had vanished from mortal sight, until you would appear to dazzle every one to-night?"

Flora looked at him critically. Had he seen anything? He certainly looked very grave.

"I just came down to speak to Miss O'Ferra; but I found her in the library with Mr. Munteith, and really," she added with a meaning laugh, "it seemed a pity to disturb them; so I came away again."

"Over the Garden Wall" came to an abrupt conclusion, as Mr. Galbraith demanded roughly—

"What do you mean?"

"I should think you might see. How blind you are, Teddie. I suppose we shall have to congratulate," said Flora, smiling, and much delighted with her success. "Well, I must go—au revoir;" and, with a graceful little wave of her hand, she vanished to confide to Miss Fitzhall these last tidings.

* * * * *

The ball was a great success.

It was not graceful, it is true, by the lovely face and form of Nellie.

The numerous inquiries as to her absence were, Flora said, extremely annoying. Miss O'Ferra was slightly indisposed—that was all the satisfaction inquisitive gentlemen received.

Flora for once was able to have everything her own way.

Yet, with all this in her favor, she did not attract either Munteith or Teddie, and, for the major portion of the night, was bored with attentions of young men she disliked, or married men whom she scorned.

The only glimmer of happiness she derived from the ball was the knowledge that Miss O'Ferra was excluded from it.

Little Val soon tired of the festivity, as he had no Nellie to look after him; and he at last made his way to his governess's room.

Nellie induced him to go to bed, and sat by him, holding his small hand until he fell into a feverish sleep.

Long afterwards, when the last guest had departed and the house was quiet again, all its inmates—presumably—wrapt in slumber, the girl threw on her dressing-gown and went to Val's room.

She stayed by his little bed for half an hour; and then, satisfied that he slept quietly, she rose and began to move softly back.

Before she reached her own door however, as she was just opposite to the head of the stairs, she was startled by a sudden flash of light below that came and went in a moment.

"Who is about?" she wondered. "There it is again. I must certainly go and see;" and she glided noiselessly to the stair-head and looked down.

All was dark, and she began to think it must have been an illusion, when the flash came again, and then she saw that it proceeded from a dark lantern, carried by one of several men.

She did not know how many figures there were moving noiselessly across the hall to the rear of the house.

For a moment Nellie clutched the baluster in affright.

A dreadful horror seized upon her, and she almost fainted; but, conquering her fear, the intrepid girl slid down one or two steps, and strained her eyes in the endeavor to discern through the darkness whither the intruders bent their steps.

She was just in time to hear the baize door that shut off the offices closed gently.

"The butler's pantry;" she thought. "The plate is there to-night;" and she flew breathlessly to her room.

"Whom shall I call?" she pondered. "If I go to Sir Wilton, Lady Hildyard will scream; then there will be a fuss, and the thieves will escape.

"If I call Mr. Brooke, Eva will as as bad or worse. I must tell Teddie;" and, her heart beating so that she could almost hear it, she went to his door, tapped gently, and whispered, "Mr. Galbraith."

"Who is there?"

"Ah, be quiet. It is I.

"You, my darling? Wait a second;" and only a second it seemed before he opened the door.

"Why, what's the matter, child?" he said tenderly, feeling about in the darkness till he got hold of her cold little hands. "How you tremble. Is anything the matter?"

"Hush. Yes; thieves are in the house—after the plate. I saw them."

"Saw them! Where?"

"Going through the green door. Ah, won't you call some one—everybody?" gasped the brave little governess.

"Yes, yes, dearest. But, tell me," he said puzzled with her incoherent words and half

inclined to think she had been dreaming.

With her hands in his protecting clasp, Nellie rapidly whispered her story to him.

"I was coming from Val's room, and I saw a light in the hall; so I went a little way down, and saw some men there."

"Go back to your room at once: we'll soon settle them!"

Nellie clung to his arm.

"Don't go down; they might——"

Teddie caught her suddenly in his arms, and imprinted a loving kiss upon her sweet lips.

"My darling Nell, be good, and obey me—run and stay with Val!"—and he hurried on to call Munteith.

Standing shivering in the doorway of Val's room, Nellie heard them go quietly down.

First Teddie's step—then two more. For a few moments she stayed there; and then, unable to bear the suspense any longer, she followed them down.

Before she opened the green door she could hear the noise of scuffling, and more than one hoarse imprecation.

"Oh, they will hurt him," she cried, in an agony of grief, as she struggled with the heavy door.

When it swung open, Nellie gasped. A single small lantern shed but little light on the scene before her—such a scene of confusion as she had never imagined—and showed her what seemed nothing but a mass of struggling forms.

Heavy blows were being freely exchanged, and every available piece of furniture was being used as a weapon.

It was a deadly struggle, and the fearful imprecations of the burglars added to the terror of the scene.

"Settle him!" cried one of the men, as his companion raised a stout stick to strike at his opponent.

Before the blow could descend, a heavy thud was heard, and one of the burglars lay senseless upon the floor.

By this time Nellie's eyes had grown accustomed to the dim uncertain light, and she saw there were at least five or six men, with whom Teddie, Colin, and young Fitzhall were doing unequal battle.

"I can't help them! I should only hinder! I must call the rest, and the men-servants."

These thoughts flashed through the girl's excited brain as she flew upstairs.

"I know where Mrs. Cole sleeps; I'll make her get up and help me, if only she will have the sense not to go into hysterics first!"

Mrs. Cole, when at last aroused, showed a decided tendency to scream; but she had no time given her for such a diversion, for Nellie seized her by the arm and dragged her towards the servants' quarters.

"Now," she said, in an energetic whisper to her companion, who was gasping for breath after her run, and whose frightened face and thin form, fancifully arrayed in blankets, would have made the girl laugh heartily at any other time—"now, tell them to come down to the butler's pantry this instant!"

The words seemed to put strength into Mrs. Cole.

With a loud, wild shriek, she made a dash for the nearest door.

Nellie did not stay to listen.

Gathering up the long trail of her dressing-gown, she flew downstairs again even faster than she had come up.

In the butler's pantry the struggle was still going on, and in one corner a dark form was stretched motionless on the ground.

"Whose was it?" she thought; and for a moment her heart seemed stand still, until she saw it was not Teddie, or her other two friends.

They were still on their feet, and laying about them with undiminished vigor.

Too frightened to move, and scarcely daring even to breathe, she stood there with her hands clasped together, and her great eyes fixed as if fascinated on the scene before her, until she perceived that the shutters and window were both open, and one of the men was handing out something to a man outside.

"Look," she cried. "They are putting it on!"

At the sound of her voice Teddie turned, and with one furious blow felled the man with whom he was struggling.

He then rushed across the room and caught one of the burglars by the throat just as he was about to raise some of his booty to the window.

His comrade pulled out a pistol, and that moment would certainly have been Edward Galbraith's last on earth had not Nellie sprung forward.

Her movement caught the man's eye as he fired, causing him to miss his aim.

Then, all at once, Nellie became conscious of a sharp pain in her arm and shoulder; everything seemed to be swimming before her eyes.

She had a confused sense of the door opening and a crowd of men in every state of undress rushing in, and then she felt a strong arm thrown round her.

"Teddie!" she murmured, as her head fell upon his broad shoulder; and the sight of his face anxiously bending over her was the last thing of which she was conscious.

It was all up with the burglars after this; but it mattered little to Teddie, as, with a deep sigh, he took in his arms the senseless little form in the rose-colored dressing-gown and pressed his lips passionately on the cold cheek.

"Nellie, my darling, look up and speak to me!" he whispered in her ear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Strange Capture.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

NATHAN gave a start, opened his eyes, yawned, stretched his long limbs, and then looked sleepily at Abby.

"Is thee going to let science keep thee up all night, Abby?" he asked.

Abby glanced at the clock on the mantel.

"Why, it is late!" she exclaimed briskly. "Go to bed, Nathan, don't wait for me. I want to finish reading this treatise on electricity to-night."

Nathan placed his hands on the arms of his chair, and lifted himself with sleepy indifference.

But suddenly his countenance changed, and a quick exclamation parted his lips.

"Ah, thee's got that kink in thy back again, has thee?" cried Abby, as she raised her eyes and pushed aside her book. "A little galvanism won't hurt thee. Come into the treating room."

As she spoke, she rose and drew aside the curtains shutting out a neat little room.

Nathan followed her, and in a few minutes a sharp whirr and various remarks proclaimed that the old gentleman was under treatment.

"Well, how does thee feel now?" inquired Abby, as they re-entered the room at the end of half an hour.

"Just like a young man, Abby, just like a young man," answered Nathan, twisting himself to prove the limberness of his back. "I feel twice as strong, and wide awake, too. I'll sit down and keep thee company awhile."

No, no," hastily objected Abby. "Don't use up what I've given thee, but go to bed and sleep on it."

"Well, well, Abby, just as thee says. Thee's a wonderful woman, and thy galvanism's a wonderful thing for a kink in the back."

And with a pleasant "good-night," Nathan lit his candle and stalked off.

Abby at once settled herself to the perusal of her book again.

An hour passed, and still she pored over the pages, an hour in which a pair of watchful eyes had been keenly regarding her from the partially opened door of a deep closet behind her.

At the end of that time, a burly, bare footed fellow stole noiselessly out, and with slow, stealthy footsteps, crept to the back of her chair.

The next instant he clapped one hand over her mouth, and pressed the other heavily on her shoulder.

"See here, Mrs. Abby," he said, gruffly, "I've got something to say to you, and I want you to say something to me. Now, if I take my hand off your mouth, will you holler? I'll give you a minute to make up your mind, so be quick. Will you holler, Mrs. Abby?" he presently asked her. "Say."

He lifted his hand a hair's breadth at the last admonition, and Abby replied, in smothered tones—

"Neighbor, thee needn't say 'Mrs.' to me. We friends don't approve of vain——"

"Shut up your nonsense!" angrily exclaimed the man, with an admonishing shake of the shoulder he held. "Will you holler, I say?"

Abby's smothered tones indicated a natural spirit.

"Thee's very rude, neighbor, and I'd be much obliged if thee'd take thy nasty, dirty hand off my mouth."

"Will you holler, I say?" responded the irate man.

"Well," Abby deliberately answered, in her smothered accents; "I dare say I will cry out loud enough if thee hurts me."

"But I won't hurt you."

"Then I won't scream," promptly promised Abby; "and now take away thy nasty, dirty hand."

He took it away, and she turned round and added severely, as she settled the immaculate Quaker cap, disturbed by the rough usage she had received—

"Neighbor, I have never felt any call to preach, but it presents itself to me to warn thee that thee is on the broad road to the ——"

"Maybe preachin' ain't your call," interrupted the fellow irreverently; "but doctorin' is, and that's the reason I didn't wait and let you get away from this room before I commenced business."

"And what is thy business?" severely asked Abby, still undaunted, though her face was now a shade or two paler than usual.

"To help myself to your solid Quaker silver," laughed the fellow. "But that ain't the thing just now. The truth is that, like Nathan, I've got a kink in my back, and it's been a bother to me, seein' that two or three times it come precious near putting me in limbo. Now I want you to take it out with that thing over yonder; so come along, for I ain't got no time to lose, I can tell you."

"Well, thee's a brazen fellow, I declare," exclaimed Abby, with added severity, as she gazed a moment at him.

Then rising, she led the way to the room, remarking, more mildly—

"But as it's my call to do what I can for the suffering, let them be good or bad, and also to return good for evil, I'll do what I can for thee."

And with quick, ready hands, she made her preparations, talking briskly to him all the while.

"This galvanism, neighbor, is a wonderful thing, as Nathan declares. It is now many years since I became interested in electricity, and I have been favored to do a great deal of good thereby, and have scarcely a doubt that I shall be enabled to aid thee very materially. Does thee know anything about the treatment?"

"Not a thing," returned the burglar. "I only know that Nathan said it helped him, and I want to be served just as you served Nathan. If it helped him, why shouldn't it help me?"

"True, true," responded Abby; "so just sit down here, and thee will be helped just as much as if thee were gifted with all my knowledge.

"And now slip thy feet into these stationary metal slippers, if thee pleases," she added, as she knelt before him, "and I will pass these little wires back of thy heel and on thy foot, so as to keep thy foot steady," continuing as her patient obeyed instructions—

"This slipper arrangement is an invention of my own, thee must know, neighbor, and I am very proud of it, I assure thee. And now for thy hands."

And springing actively to her feet, she caught up the electrodes, and placing them in his hands, said—

"Now hold these—so—and I will administer a nice little current."

"Well, it does make a fellow feel good all over, I vow!" suddenly exclaimed Abby's patient, after a short interval. "Nathan's no fool. I say, give me enough to cure me up. Don't be afeard of wastin'."

"Oh, yes," answered Abby, as she turned over the contents of a table drawer; "but where in the world have I put that sponge? Oh, yes—oh, yes; I remember now. It's in the dining-room. I'll add a little to the strength of this current, and then bring it in a twinkling——"

Before she had finished the sentence, the patient called out lustily—

"Stop your current, I say! It's twisting me into the middle of next week! Stop it, I say!"

"Neighbor, thee's too impatient," Abby placidly returned, as she strengthened it a trifle more. "It's none too severe for thy case. If I am to treat thee, I must be allowed to judge for thee."

"But I tell you——"

"Now, neighbor, be quiet, and get the good of thy treatment," returned Abby as placidly as before.

"Stop your current, and let me go!" gasped the writhing patient, with a fierce jerk of the arms.

"Neighbor, neighbor, neighbor!" exclaimed Abby, with still unruffled placidity, "thy words are most unseemly. Use them not. Neither should thee exhaust thyself jerking at those wires. They are quite long for thee to——"

"Stop your current!" interrupted the fellow, furiously.

"So I will, my poor fellow," answered Abby, with a pitying accent; "but first I must get the sponge. Just thee be patient a little while, and I'll weaken the current as soon as I get back."

Lifting her two plump hands to straighten her cap, she hurried off, a volley of fierce oaths rolling harmlessly behind her from the mouth of her unhappy patient.

With quick steps she left the room, and passing through the sitting-room stepped into the hall.

In another minute she was at the front door, peering anxiously up and down the street.

"Ah, for a wonder, there is one in sight," she exclaimed presently, and ran down the steps and up the street.

"Policeman, thee is needed," she panted, hurriedly seizing the uniformed individual by the arm. "Come with me, if thee pleases. I have a prisoner for thee."

And she hurried him unceremoniously into the house.

As they crossed the hall, she whispered to him—

"Just wait till I get the sponge. I must keep my word, thee knows."

In a few moments she returned, and preceded the policeman into the presence of her unhappy patient, communing mildly—

"Neighbor——"

"Stop your confounded 'neighboring,' and weaken your current," roared the patient.

"In one minute, neighbor," promised placid Abby, as she signalled the policeman to approach.

"I've got the sponge, and something better," she added. "Here are a nice pair of handcuffs for thee, my friend. Adjust them, if thee pleases, policeman, and let me relieve the poor fellow. When that is done, I'll find his boots."

So the handcuffs were adjusted, and in a few minutes the crestfallen prisoner marched off, Abby saying as she put away her book—

"I can't finish it to-night. These interruptions are very trying. I've lost the best part of the twenty-four hours," adding as she carefully removed and inspected her cap—

"Yes, just as I expected: he has smashed in the whole crown of my cap—my clean, new cap—and Nathan does hate a crumpled cap!"

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, and especially that which disfigures the faces of women and girls, is now removed by a process termed electrolysis. An ordinary galvanic battery and a fine needle, the latter attached to the negative cord, are all the instruments required. The number of cells needed depends upon the activity of the battery, the delicacy of the patient's skin and the strength of the hairs to be removed. The needle, which is a fine, flexible one is introduced into the small sack which holds the root of the hair, and by means of the galvanic current the point from which the hair grows is effectually and completely destroyed.

Scientific and Useful.

GREASING.—A piece of soft sponge tied upon a smooth stick is very convenient to use in greasing tins or the griddle.

EARACHE.—It is said that by the following simple method almost instant relief of the earache is afforded: Put five drops of chloroform on a little cotton or wool in the bowl of a clay pipe, then blow the vapor through the stem into the aching ear.

TRICYCLES.—Experiments with an electric tricycle in England have been so encouraging that 250 machines will be built. They are driven by a storage battery, carry two persons and are expected to run at the rate of six miles an hour on level ground. One of them is now on its way to this country.

THE HEAT OF WATER.—Prof. Proctor says that electricity might be obtained by utilising the heat of water applied to the junction of the two metals; but the current produced by a temperature of 100° Fahrenheit at one junction, and, say 60° Fahrenheit at the other, would be too small to be commercially successful.

RUSSIA LEATHER.—White birch bark appears to be a very desirable object in the arts. An oil taken from it imparts to the leather made in Russia the peculiar odor the origin of which was long a puzzle to leather manufacturers in other countries. When the oil is dissolved in alcohol it can be applied to preserve fabrics and render them waterproof. It keeps insects from the products of the loom, and does not affect the pliability of cloth.

PAPER SHIPS.—An enterprising French believer in the advantages of paper for the ship building of the future, has gone from Paris to Marseilles and back in his fragile skift. He accomplished a matter of eight hundred miles in it, met with accidents of various kinds which tried the strength of the boat rather severely, and it returned to the quays of the Seine at Paris in good condition, water-tight and fit for another voyage of a similar kind. He describes the latter part of his expedition, however, as very trying, and in descending the Rhone he narrowly escaped shipwreck, the little craft running on rocks and mud banks in a very alarming manner.

FILTERS.—For a rough-and-ready filter make a partition across a small wine barrel from which the head has been removed, by means of a circular piece of wire gauze supported upon a light frame of wood and fitted across the barrel with a few French nails. Sift upon the gauze some clean silver sand in the depth of from two to three inches; then place on the sand some small charcoal from which the dust has been sifted away previously. A two-inch layer of the sand above this, and about an equal thickness of clear, sharp gravel on the top, completes the filtering arrangement. The barrel may then be filled up with water, and the purified fluid drawn from a tap near the bottom as required.

Farm and Garden.

IMPLEMENTS.—If farm implements cannot be painted brush them over occasionally with crude petroleum.

SHEEP.—Land that is not thoroughly drained will not pasture sheep without inducing the appearance of foot-rot.

FLOWERS.—Flowers may be kept very fresh over night if they are excluded entirely from air. To do this wet them thoroughly, put in a damp box, and cover with wet raw cotton or wet newspaper, then place in a cool spot.

THE HEAP.—At this season of the year, as the manure heaps are accumulating, there will be frequent cases of "fire-fanging." This may be obviated by frequently turning the heap, by judicious use of absorbents or by drawing the manure and spreading it on the field.

CELERY.—To keep celery, place a board about nine inches from the cellar wall and pack full of the plants in an upright position. Nine inches from this board place another, and pack full in the same way. Underneath is placed damp moss. Keep the cellar dark, and at as low a temperature as possible to 40 degrees.

PASTURAGE.—A large field divided into sections will furnish more and better pasturage than if the stock is allowed to graze over the entire surface at will. By frequently changing the stock the grass is allowed to grow on the unoccupied portions and will also be of better quality. The method also prevents close grazing, which often injures pastures.

BUTTER.—Crocks of butter to be kept for several months should never be placed upon the cellar bottom. This causes two degrees of temperature in the crock, which will be at the expense of the quality of the butter near the top. The crocks will keep their contents far better if placed at least a foot from the cellar bottom upon a bench and a thick woolen cloth thrown over it.

WEEDING BY STEAM.—An Illinois railroad is testing an arrangement for destroying weeds adjoining the track. It has been fitted on an engine and consists of two iron pipes projecting on each side of the engine in front. The exhaust steam is conducted into these pipes instead of through the smoke-stack, and the steam and gas are thereby thrown out close to the track in front of the engine on each side. On a trial trip weeds and grass were cut down and destroyed some two feet on each side of the rails. It is proposed to run an engine over the entire road in this way.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 18, 1884.

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—or,—

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TOO CLEVER.

The Sharp family is a very extensive one. None of us need go far to find some of its members. Nor will it be difficult, if we take one of them as an example of all, to analyze his character.

He has, in the first place, a pretty good opinion of his own astuteness. There is no gainsaying the fact, indeed, that he is, in some respects at all events, a very shrewd man.

He is generally credited with having his head "screwed on the right way." But we need hardly say that the use he makes of it is invariably with a deferential regard to "Number One."

He seldom makes a bad bargain, though few of those who have dealings with him can congratulate themselves on being so fortunate. He does not hesitate to press everything to his own advantage, however much others may suffer thereby. Whoever sinks, at any rate he must swim.

The man and his manners get to be widely known. His offers are looked upon with suspicion; his words are not trusted; his past delinquencies "go before him unto judgment."

He has received, at length, his due proportion of rope, and has, metaphorically speaking, hanged himself. It becomes now a matter of "diamond cut diamond." His employers and customers are on the alert, and must act in self-defence. "A burnt child dreads the fire."

Mr. Sharp's victims may have endured, with what equanimity they could muster, to be "taken in," and to be laughed at for their pains. Few of them, however, relish an unlimited repetition of the process, and sooner or later the former finds out to his cost that there is such a thing as being "too clever."

There is scarcely, perhaps, an object more deserving of our commiseration than what is commonly spoken of as a "very clever boy." And this in spite of the extravagant laudation always his to command; the envy and despair with which he is viewed by the indolent and obtuse; and the general petting he receives at home, and, perhaps, at school.

That he is clever does not admit of a doubt. Everyone owns it, and none more complacently than "young hopeful" himself. But it does not follow that it will be good for him. Unless, indeed, he be subject to very delicate treatment, we may even say that the chances are it will be positively injurious.

Such a remark requires explanation. First of all, then, it must be remembered that these early manifestations of precocity are seldom long-lived. Like morning mists, they are exceedingly evanescent.

The infant powers, preternaturally developed, too soon decay. The tender plant, forced artificially into early luxuriance, becomes too often sickly and exhausted, just at the time when those of more tardy growth are beginning to put forth in vigorous fulness the great abundance of their strength.

As with the plant, so with the child. If you wish the powers of the latter to be enduring, they must be gradually developed. Their growth should be, not that of the larch, but of the oak.

To force, as is so often done, the childish intellect to an extent far beyond its natural powers, is not only an error, but a crime, and a matter that cannot be too strongly insisted upon at the present day.

Of course, some children are naturally more quick and intelligent than others, and more may not unreasonably, therefore, be expected of them.

But what we would here particularly wish to guard parents against is, in the case of the "clever" children, urging them continually on to greater mental efforts, often far beyond their powers, and feeling unduly anxious and disappointed when others are "slow." In the latter case time may develop unthought-of talents and unexpected ability.

One word, in conclusion, with regard to those thoughtlessly "clever" people who, actuated by self-love and foolish vanity, show themselves to be utterly regardless of the feelings of others in the recklessness of speech indulged in by them merely for the sake of raising a laugh at their neighbor's expense, and exhibiting their own powers of language and fancy. Let us beware of showing our prowess in this way:

"Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?"

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE assessed value of real and personal estate property in the State of New York is $3,014,491,372. Of this amount $1,276,677,164 is property in New York city.

—

CIGARETTES are said to be becoming popular among English ladies, and a well-known London dealer claims that he receives ten times as many orders this year from ladies as he did last.

—

SOME of the Commissioners of Charities in Brooklyn favor the cremation of the bodies of paupers dying in that county. There are about one hundred such deaths a month, and, apart from the sanitary grounds of the movement, there would be a saving of $3000 a year now paid for coffins for them.

—

SOME of the enlisted men in the Mexican army are fine soldiers, but there are regiments made up of criminals who have been sentenced to years of service in the army, instead of in prison. These men are driven into pens like cattle, and their food thrown in to them. They are generally kept in the northern part of Mexico.

—

A JAPAN journal says that, as a rule, the educated classes of Japan are without any religion. "Their attitude towards theological questions is one of complete apathy, and while they are content to observe the ceremonies of a religious cult in certain matters of daily life, they quietly but resolutely put aside all the supernatural elements of that cult as things unworthy of serious consideration."

—

THERE is a sunken forest of white cedar in New Jersey which has been mined for timber over seventy years. The industry of digging the sunken logs is carried on by the people of Dennisville, a village which was brought into existence through the buried wealth of lumber in its vicinity. Over the sunken forest trees of large size are growing, and in many instances these are cut away to reach the more valuable timber three or four feet below the surface. The sunken trees are of enormous size. Their age is a matter of curious conjecture. It is probable they were buried many centuries ago by the action of an earthquake.

—

A DUTCHMAN lately bought a kitchen stove in Paris at an enormous price. When the stove had to be fixed, after a long journey to Rotterdam, the manufacturer who was entrusted with that task declared the stove to be one that had been made in his own factory. The Dutchman, nothing daunted, pointed to the French trademark, but was undeceived when, after removing the little iron mask, the metal trademark of the Dutch manufacturer appeared

—

ONE of the best evidences that the American people of this generation live better than their fathers did, is found in the steady and rapid growth of the trade in tropical fruits. It is not many years since the great majority of the people scarcely knew what a banana was, and considered oranges and lemons as luxuries to be afforded only in sickness, or on great occasions. Now, not only these, but other tropical fruits, are bought and eaten almost as generally and freely as apples, and the consumption of melons, peaches, pears, plums and berries is on the same universal and extensive scale.

—

A VIENNESE critic complains of the modern piano epidemic which finds so many victims, especially in the feminine world. The state of affairs in regard to music is in Germany analogous to that which prevails in England in regard to novel-writing, scarcely one novel in a dozen having a man for its author. He expresses the deepest pity for "all these young girls who wish to make piano-playing the aim of their life, and to base their existence on their small share of virtuosity. Without fail they are doomed to regret having devoted so much trouble and diligence to an accomplishment which, as a public performance, no longer pays—yes, hardly even arouses any interest."

—

AN English rector, at a late meeting of one of the London Union Poor Guardians' Boards, complained that on the occasion of a pauper's funeral on the previous day not a single person was present either in the chapel or at the grave, and asked if it were not usual for some of the inmates of the workhouse to act as mourners on occasions of that kind. The Master said that such had been the case formerly, but owing to the mourners returning in a drunken state the inmates had not been allowed to go recently. The following rule was adopted: "That in future, on the occasion of a pauper's funeral, at least one of the inmates attend as mourner, and that it be an instruction to the undertaker to convey him to the cemetery and bring him back again."

—

THE number of persons killed on the railways in England during the past six months was 489, and the number injured 1889. The results of last year's travel are thus strikingly stated by an English paper: "The safety of railway traveling, notwithstanding all that is said about railway accidents, is almost miraculous. There were only eleven passengers killed from causes beyond their own control last year. More than 683,000,000 journeys were made, exclusive of the journeys of season tickets, and only eleven persons were killed—one in 62,000,000, or (including season-ticket journeys) one in 78,000,000; and only one in a million was so much as injured. Even when the carelessness of the passenger caused the accident, death came to only one in five millions and a half."

—

THERE is the Winter Palace, in Russia, and to what thoughts does it give rise. Within this is the Romanoff portrait gallery, where one sees the tablet upon which are the rules that Catherine enforced at her conversations. These are quaint, and here is the tradition of them: 1. Leave your rank outside, as well as your hat, and especially your sword. 2. Leave your right of precedence, your pride, and any similar feeling outside the door. 3. Be gay, but do not spoil anything; do not break or gnaw anything. 4. Sit, stand, walk as you will, without reference to anybody. 5. Talk moderately, and not very loud, so as not to make the ears and heads of others ache. 6. Argue without anger and without excitement. 7. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull or heavy. 8. In all innocent games, whatever one proposes, let all join. 9. Eat whatever is sweet and savory, but drink with moderation, so that each may find his legs on leaving the room. 10. Tell no tales out of school; whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving the room.

—

THERE are, it seems, $20,000,000 in securities and money in the treasury of the United States that no one claims. In times gone by sundry persons have bought government securities which they have lost, or which have been destroyed: hence the twenty millions of unclaimed bonds in the treasury. There are savings banks in New York which have in their vaults large sums that will never be claimed. They belong to poor people who died, or that have moved away, or have forgotten they had ever any money in the bank. There is supposed to be some $80,000,000 of unclaimed money in banks and trust companies throughout the country which is lost to the heirs forever.

—

THE means which have been used to diminish the loss of life attendant upon mining operations in Great Britain, have produced very satisfactory results, although the annual destruction of life is still very large. From statistics recently presented to a convention of miners held at Manchester, it appears that while in the ten years ending 1801 there was an average of one life lost for every 345 miners engaged; in 1831 there was but one life lost for every 425 engaged. In 1851 there was a life lost for every 51,000 tons of coal raised, whereas the proportion in 1881 was one life for every 177,000 tons. Still, over 1,000 persons were killed in mining last year. The list of injured is estimated at 10,000 annually. There is every motive, therefore, for continued effort to reduce the danger to which these laborious servants of the community are subjected.

—

As winter is only a season away, a few health hints are in order: Never lean back on anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten. Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air. Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. Never go to bed with cold, damp feet; always toast them before a fire for ten or fifteen minutes before retiring. When hoarse, speak as little as possible until you are recovered, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat may be produced. Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating. When going from a warm atmosphere to a cooler one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs. Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing upon the ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

—

THE new franchise bill, admitting over two million new voters to the polling lists of Great Britain and Ireland, will pretty surely be passed this fall, and under circumstances that will help to discredit the house of Lords. This will infuse a more democratic spirit into English institutions; but other and more remarkable changes are foreshadowed. Great Britain to-day is very much like the Roman power at the time of Julius Cæsar. The senate of a single city ruled the then civilized world. Cæsar saw this would not do, and he enlarged the senate by adding to its members representatives from Northern Italy, Gaul, Spain, and others of the civilized conquered nations. Less than 30,000,000 people in England govern over 300,000,000 in other parts of the world. Lord Rosebery proposes that the Greater Britain outside of Europe should be represented in the imperial councils, and Parliament, he says, should embrace delegates from India, New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and other great dependencies of the empire; and there is scarcely a doubt but that the proposition will be eventually adopted. The empire will then be in command of all its resources, and as a military and naval power, will be the greatest in the world.

WE KNOW NOT.

BY J. P. IVES.

I'm glad we were not wedded!—I should grieve
To watch thy beauties waning, one by one:—
See those blue deeps, through which thy pure thoughts shone,
Fade like pale stars, whose wan shrouds morn doth weave.

I could not bear to see thy smiles less kind;—
Fair smiles, revealing all I've known of heaven!—
To see thine ample brow with care o'er-graven—
Or hear thy voice re-echo not thy mind!

To see thy radiant form, so faultless still,
Yield to the touch of Time's reluctant hand:
To see love's roses, leaf by leaf expand,
Then fade for aye, 'neath custom's gathering chill!

And oh, to feel, e'en thou may'st yet become
Like to the things about thee!—(for the mind
Grows like its custom'd food;)—To wake and find
Thou, too, like those who've made my heart a tomb.

Then let me still dream on. One kiss!—and now
We part forever:—Thou, to waste long years
In life's dull game of solemn smiles and tears,—
And I, to learn "forgetfulness" below!

Forget?—but words are idle: those I love,
I worship:—Love must be my deity;—
And finding this in vain, alas, in thee—
Below the skies—what should I seek above?

We know not what may be. There are dim dreams
Of vague delight, beyond life's ebbless sea,—
Where mind meets kindred mind—and all shall be
As hope inspires, or faith or fancy deems.

But not to me are such wild visions given:—
And when the grass is green—as soon 'twill be—
Above my grave,—one kindly thought from thee,
Is all I ask from earth—is all I hope of heaven.

Yvonne.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

CHAPTER I.

IT is Sunday—and the steamer is out on the open sea.

A long, dark, handsome steamer it is; and it cuts a white path for itself through the sapphire waters, and leaves a shadowy, brown wavering track behind it.

Out of sight of land; ah, what freedom!

Ah, what a free, deep, peaceful rest from the cares of the world; almost too deep for words.

The strong sun shines down on it; the wide glistening heavens stretch over it; the white sea-gulls dance on the tiny waves all round about it; and it cuts its swift way straight on.

It is a haven of rest, out on the wide open sea.

The passengers lie dotted in easy positions about the clean white deck; their hats are drawn over their eyes; their eyes looking down into the depths.

The lazy waves, and the black hurrying smoke, and the thumping engines—everything speaks; all in a pure, strange, grand language, that lifts these weary, worldly passengers out of themselves, up to a something immeasureably better and higher—if undefinable.

Three of them lean over the boats; their heads down on the smooth white canvas; a fourth has cast himself full length not far from the funnel; here an old lady snores peacefully; over there, another plies her knitting-pins.

Upon the deck two figures only are in motion.

They are pacing, pacing, as if there were no such thing as rest in all the world.

The one is a man, and the other a woman: they meet and re-meet again and again; they do not take their eyes from the deck; neither appears to notice the other; it seems as if they were to pace on there for ever.

The sun grows always hotter.

The man was a tall, brown-faced man of soldierly bearing, handsome-featured, pleasant-eyed.

He walked with a sharp, regular tread, announcing that there was strength somewhere in his character.

The girl was little, graceful, small-faced, lustrous-eyed.

She wore a plain dress, ruby-tinted, that must have dated before the age of short, ungraceful walking-skirts, for it swept the deck after her two or three inches or more.

From her walk one could tell nothing of her character—except that she was graceful.

The man might have been twenty-nine or thirty years of age, certainly not more; he was assuredly a gentleman; the girl might have numbered eighteen or nineteen summers, but she hardly looked as if she numbered so many; there was no mistaking that she was a lady.

They paced on alone.

Suddenly something of an amusing nature seemed to have found its way into the man's thoughts, for an unmistakable smile crept into and played over his features.

About the same time the girl's face softened, then broke into sunshine.

She was opposite the gangway; he had to come to the wheel; they turned and raised their eyes—still smiling.

Their eyes met; keen, deep-set blue eyes, his; dreamy, large-pupilled dark eyes, hers, meeting in a strange fascination.

There was an expression of intense amusement about the corners of his mouth, and a dark flush on his face; the girl, blushing painfully, was premturely grave.

As the man passed, he glanced at the girl quickly and critically; then relapsed into gravity.

Four or five times more they passed each other; then the girl left the deck.

The man half turned to look after her, and paced on as before.

Suddenly, something lying on the white wood, a little square insignificant looking something, caught the man's eye.

He picked it up, and looked at it—and smiled.

At the same moment the girl re-appeared on deck, carrying a bundle of magazines and a cloak.

She settled herself on a distant seat, never so much as turning her head in his direction.

He waited until she was settled, then he changed the direction of his walk sharply, and stood before her.

She raised her small face, a world of cold surprise in its expression.

He lifted his hat slightly, and smiled.

"Excuse me," he said, "is this yours?"

Astonishment, mingled with pleasure, flashed out of her eyes.

"Oh—yes! Thank you so much. I must have dropped it."

He laughed, handing it to her; looking at her with interest, eyeing her over with the well-bred air permitted to a man of the world.

"Yes, you dropped it. I am glad I noticed it. Photographs are such—such disagreeable things to drop, do you not think so?"

He was engaged on a rapid mental category, something after this fashion:

"Well-cut little face; even prettier than I thought. Nice mouth; lovely eyes; a wonderfully sweet expression, and a very ——"

She interrupted his thoughts abruptly, looking up at him quietly.

"Disagreeable! In what way do you mean?"

He started; and shot a searching glance at her, and then laughed rather confusedly.

"Well—ah—don't you think so? I have had such awkward things happen to me in that way? I remember once—it was on a boat, too—I dropped a photograph, just as you dropped this; and in the middle of dinner the steward brought it back to me upon a plate—tremendously awkward, you know."

The beautiful dark eyes turned upon him, clouded in something like doubt, and then finally dropped back upon the photograph.

"I thank you very much," she repeated quietly. "I don't know how vexed I should have been to lose my brother's likeness."

He half laughed, looking down at the glistening card.

"It was just such another I dropped myself. You would have had my sincere sympathy, I am sure——"

She glanced quickly at him, smiling very kindly.

"It was your brother's photograph that you lost too, then. Yes, I dare say I might have felt awkward, if you had brought this to me when I was at dinner."

He leaned a little upon the arm of the seat, and smiled at her.

He had a remarkably firm straight-cut chin and mouth.

He looked well when he smiled, and he probably knew it.

"I am sure that I should never have risked anything so unpardonable," he replied.

She looked at him a little wonderingly; and dropped her eyes again.

"Are you—are you very fond of your brother?" she asked.

He laughed outright then, showing all his straight, white teeth as he did so.

There certainly was a singular charm about the face.

"I should have been—if I had had one; but I'm afraid you misunderstood me just now—because, you see—I never had a brother."

She colored up to the roots of her hair, and started.

"Oh!" she said. "I beg your pardon! I understood——"

"Yes—I know you did. Well, for the life of me I can't remember whose photo that was. It was a lady's, I know; I think that it must have been my sister's. I have got a married sister about, somewhere."

The girl settled herself more comfortably upon the narrow seat, and ostentatiously turned over a page of her book.

A flash of mischief mingled with the amusement in his deep-set eyes.

He hesitated a minute, and straightening himself, changed his tone.

"The next land we sight will be Flamborough Head; the last we sighted was off the east coast of Scotland somewhere. Nice boats these Dunraven boats."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Don't you think they are nice?"

"What are?"

"Why—the boats."

She reddened again, turning over another leaf as she had turned the last one.

"I don't quite understand you," she said, hurriedly.

"Which is to say—pardon me for the literal translation—that you would prefer to read."

"Thank you; I should like to read, if you don't mind," she retorted, blushing furiously.

He bowed low, and left her without a word, his mouth curling down in amusement—or pique—or something; and in another moment was pacing rapidly backwards and forwards as before.

The steamer hurries on; eight bells ring out, and the old lady at the top of the cabin stairs bestirs herself, and disappears down the companion ladder.

The captain leaves the bridge, and comes along to the main-deck, exchanging a word here or there with this or that passenger as he goes by.

He joins the brown-faced man of soldierly appearance; they pace the deck together in the full glare of the bright sunshine, talking and laughing a little from time to time.

A steward's boy trips swiftly about in his white apron.

A low mowing and bleating come from the imprisoned cows and sheep in the lower deck.

Suddenly there rises into view a faint misty outline far away, to the eastward; the outline becomes more defined.

The waves sparkle, and the steamer still hurries on, its brass and its shining wood glancing in the sun.

Gradually the great yellow cliffs and the green grass, and the lonely light-house, stand out distinct and bright against a summer sky.

The passengers rouse themselves, and get their field-glasses.

The girl in the ruby dress closes her book and goes over to the side of the vessel; and only the brown-faced man paces on alone.

All at once there comes the sharp blowing of a steamer's whistle; this steamer answers back as sharply.

With the rapidity of lightning, every cook, every steward, every man, woman, and child is on the deck.

Another moment, and a long, dark vessel, identical in form with this, meets this one only at a few yards' distance.

The little crowd of figures assembled on that deck wave and hallos wildly; the little crowd on this deck wave and hallos wildly also.

Only a moment, and it is already vanishing.

The two crowds gaze at each other's receding figures, and the two vessels disappear.

This little interchange of sympathy takes place twice in the seven days while the summer changes into winter, and the winter changes into summer, the crowds augmenting or thinning according to the season.

After all, it is just these little interchanges which bring a sweetness and a merriment into life.

The girl in the ruby dress stands by the wheel, and watches the receding vessel.

Then she turns around and runs lair against the brown-faced soldier.

He steps back and bows without speaking; her dark eyes meet his; she hesitates and smiles.

"Oh!—Is that Flamborough Head?" she asks.

"Yes. It looks very calm and Sunday-like, does it not? Would you like a glass?"

"No, thank you. Oh! and—I—I am very much obliged to you for bringing me back that photograph."

He bowed gravely again.

"Pray don't mention it; there is nothing to be obliged about. And now, can I do anything else for you—besides photographs? Or may I resume my walk?"

Her face flushed crimson; tears of offended pride collected and filled the eloquent eyes.

He waited his answer for a moment; and getting none, bowed and set off down the deck again.

She turned aside, biting her lips in bitter mortification.

Even as she turned, a low laugh broke out behind her.

She wheeled around angrily, her eyes sparkling in the sunshine.

He put one arm on the railing, and smiled.

"You gave me my congé so sternly a little while ago," he said, laughing, "that I thought I would just do as I had been done by.

"Nay," he added more gravely, "don't let us quarrel; one ought not—upon a Sunday."

"I think you are very rude," she cried out, her cheeks flaming.

"I did not intend it for rudeness," he pleaded. "You are not angry with me? You are not going to quarrel with me, are you?"

The anger died out of her small face as suddenly as it had flashed into it; she was evidently a creature of emotion.

"Why, I hardly know you," she answered, laughing.

A strange light came into his eyes as he watched her.

He dropped them for a moment, then he stuck one hand into each of his jacket pockets, and faced her abruptly.

"Do you believe in such a thing as fascination?"

The dark smoke of the funnel flitted about them; the yellow cliffs were already receding in the distance.

The color rose up into her delicately chiselled little face again, but she laughed quietly.

"Unhappily—I think you need hardly ask me."

He laughed himself, still with the same puzzled look about his eyes.

"Yes, we are most certainly a case in point; there is no doubt about it. But I meant even more than such a fascination as—as that. I don't know if fascination is the proper word for what I mean. Did you ever feel drawn to a person—irresistibly, unaccountably interested in them, haunted by them from the first moment they come across your path? Mind, I am not speaking of love at first sight; I believe there is no greater truth than that such a thing does exist.

"I am a man who has seen a good deal of life; and I am not by any means a romantic man. But I believe, as surely as I am standing here speaking to you, that there are people who give their very hearts and souls away to each other in a glance; and go through life adoring one another—all at a distance—up to old age; or maybe up to the end.

"Fate decrees that they should never know one another; fate decrees that they should live and die separately; and they do so—I am speaking of people—equals in class, you understand me—where the petty barriers of society are too frigid to be lightly broken; people who see each other day by day, and yet whom fate, or chance, or what you will, denies what the world calls an introduction. It makes one very bitter to think of it—and I am certain that it is true."

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"You speak as if—you had felt it," she said.

He brought his eyes back from dreamland with a quick flash.

"I—if you knew me better, I don't think you would suggest such a thing. But you know it was not love at first sight that I wanted to ask you about; it was the other thing—that strange interest with which one person sometimes inspires another. Well, I will tell you this; it is a very plain and a very blunt thing to tell you, but you must excuse me: I—feel it now."

She simply stared at him; her little flushed face looking into the sunburnt determination of his in sheer bewilderment, the curdling waters rushing and seething around the hull of the vessel.

After an instant's pause, he went on hurriedly.

"Did it ever strike you to wonder whether you haunted anybody in that way? somebody you met long ago in a crowd; or somebody who trod on your dress at a flower-show; or somebody, maybe, who merely saw you pass by.

"I assure you that last is not so unlikely. Is it not strange to think of these unknown chords of sympathy betwixt you and those unknown somebodies. And I will tell you another way by which sympathy unites people—by dreams.

"Just suppose, now, that all the people who ever dreamt of you were to come in a body to declare themselves to you, what a ridiculously incongruous, and what an amusing body it would be! You walk up a street, and somebody meets you; a somebody who has met you indifferently a hundred times before, but just to-day you notice that he looks at you intently, and turns away with an expression of suppressed amusement, and you wonder why. Take my word for it, he dreamt last night that you and he were eating baked potatoes, with lawn tennis rackets for spoons, at the top of Lochnagar; or—or something equally ridiculous."

She stopped him, laughing in spite of herself.

"Excuse me—but did you dream that about me last night, since you say you feel it?"

He laughed himself, as he looked down at her.

"No—ours is of the fascination order; and I do think we ought to be immortalised by our suffering fellow-creatures, because we have done what I don't suppose any of them ever did before. We have felt it, and we have talked it out in a common-sense way. Oh, but I beg your pardon, all this time I have been using the plural number where I ought to have kept to the singular."

She lifted her eyes to him, smiling and coloring deeply.

The steamer hurried on; the drowsy passengers bestirred themselves here and there.

Flamborough Head was fading into distance; the sister steamer stood out a black spot on the horizon.

And only an hour had passed since eight bells rang.

An hour; only a short hour; and a glance had done it all.

Ah me! Let us pray for our eyes! We have need of it.

The hours went by.

The steamer beat, and thumped, and hurried on; past this country, past that country—a glimpse of land here and there—then sea, sea.

Faint, dreamily-tolling bells, and many vessels.

Where are we? Coming to the Roads. A long, low line of busily-twinkling lights, under a grey night sky.

What is this, then? Why, this is Yarmouth.

A pitching, and tossing, and heaving. What, a storm at last?

No, no; only the Nore; crossing the Nore, that is all.

Night, sable night—and sleep.

But the engines are little given to sleeping.

If you wake in the small hours and hear them thumping and thundering—for they never seem to work so hard as by night—and raise your head a little, wondering sleepily:

"Where can we be? I wish I knew just where we are," they will answer back to you at once, "Never mind; leave it to us; you will see where you are in the morning."

So you turn on your pillow, and fall fast asleep again.

And in the morning you will wake up with a start to find a strong hot sun glaring in at you, through your little round cabin window; and a sound of flopping water; and the engines beating in a tired, peaceful sort of way.

You spring up and strain your eyes out at the green banks and trees, and little houses, and big houses, and fishing boats, and sailing boats, and mighty vessels.

"The Thames!" you cry.

And you will dress, and rush upstairs, and gaze.

That was what the little delicate-faced girl who had paced the main deck did; exactly that.

The man who had paced it with her was there too, gazing also; only he had been there all night.

She has leaned her arms on the bulwarks and watches the scene.

The houses thicken, and the water loses its freshness.

They have spoken of the green banks, and the river, and the big old veteran powder-ships, and the landing-stage to come; all in a friendly, kindly, half-indifferent way.

And now suddenly, as the steamer flits on, and a great, white, German vessel casts its shadow upon them; as good-luck, or ill-luck, or some luck will have it, their eyes meet.

Not casually; not indifferently; a long, searching, solving, reading look.

After a minute he turned away to this side; and she looks to that side; but it seemed as if this look had in one moment covered the past from the future.

And he bent his head low down, and looked again into them.

"Yvonne."

She started, and blushed; and finally stammered in answer:

"How did you know that my name was—Yvonne?"

"Because I saw it on the photograph. 'To dear Yvonne.' Yvonne—Yvonne—never mind your name just now. I have something very much more important to speak to you about. Listen to me.

"I cannot let you pass away out of my sight without at least an attempt to fight against it. I have thought of it all night. I have thought it would be sheer madness; yet I must speak to you.

"You know nothing about me; and I know nothing about you, except this—and I swear to you I don't care a jot to know anything more—that you are Yvonne.

"Dear Yvonne, sweet Yvonne! I think you like me; I saw it in your eyes that you liked me.

"As for loving, I am not speaking about loving; yet, oh heaven, could you read my heart, Yvonne! I don't know how to beat about the bush when I am in earnest; I only know that I wish with all my heart and soul and strength that you would promise me this: that if you are a free woman in two years hence, you will let me try to make you love me."

The sunshine flashed and played; and the great tears stood in her eyes. She raised them to him very earnestly.

"I believe in you," she said quietly. "I believe you mean what you say. And I—yes, I do like you. But think of the difficulties. In two years you do not know where you may be. And in two years you will have forgotten me.

"Ah, yes, you think just now that it will not be so; but it will; it could hardly be otherwise."

"Yvonne,"—he stopped her with a quick movement, his brows knitted together passionately—"do you think I don't know myself?

"My past life has not exactly been that of a saint, but at least I cannot reproach myself with inconstancy. Let it be longer than two years, if you will; and you will see whether I can forget so easily.

"Do you remember what you told me about yourself—and I think it was the only thing you did tell me—that it would be two years upon the next twenty-fifth of December until you started for home?

"You said you had made the calculation, and that the twenty-fifth fell upon a Saturday, and that, come weal or come woe, if you were in life you would be starting by the steamer upon that day.

"I do not know why you should be so long away from home; nay, do not tell me; I do not wish to know.

"I will leave you alone during these two years. You are free; free to do what you like; to marry whom you wish; only, child, for heaven's sake, if you are still free at the end of them, be upon the steamer. Yvonne, I will be there."

There came a long pause.

The passengers moved to an fro about the steamer.

A gay-built little yacht danced past them; and the captain—up on the ridge—took off his hat and waved it in greeting to somebody on board.

Very slowly she raised her soft, dark eyes, still shining with tears, and looked at him.

"I promise," she said; "and yet—yet I do not even know to whom I am promising."

He put out his brown hand, and closed it over hers, just for an instant. "Say 'I promise, Paul,'" he said. "It is not a pretty name, but it is a short one; you will not forget it; and it is mine. Repeat it after me, Yvonne—'I promise, Paul.'"

She repeated it after him as he told her. He dropped her hand, and they stood straight upright again and talked of other things.

And the steamer sped on its way.

CHAPTER II.

A LONG, low, red-brick manor-house; a sweeping, undulating park before it; a forest of rustling pine-trees stretching away out behind it; and a strong hot summer's sun blazing down upon it.

At an open window, round which the luscious purple creeper is twining, and the dainty hammer-birds are twittering, a little, delicate-looking woman sits with her hands crossed, looking out at the waving tree-tops.

Her large eyes seem to have caught some of the sun's brilliancy, for they sparkle and glance delightfully, her thoughts some of its brightness, for her small pale face is the very picture of dreamy content.

"A year to-day," she murmurs to herself. "Oh, and it was just a day like this, too: the sun was shining, and the soft wind blowing.

"Paul what? Paul who? I did not ask; I did not care to know. Oh, Paul, Paul; such a pretty name is Paul! He said it was not pretty, but it is; I never knew a prettier name than Paul.

Sometimes it seems as if there was no other name in all the world than Paul—because Paul is so enwrapped with everything.

"A year! and in another year it will be almost time. Oh, Paul! Will it be fine and frosty; or will the wind whistle, and the waves roll? Oh, Paul!"

The creeper rustles, and the sun shines; and still the little, delicate-faced girl dreams on.

Suddenly a grave-looking elderly lady comes quietly in, and lays her hand upon the girl's shoulder.

"Dreaming," she says. And as the small face flushes consciously, she passes her hand over it gently and smiles. "Ah, I see; well I am glad there is—somebody, because I am the bearer of bad tidings to-day; bad both for you and me, Yvonne Ogilvie, there is a change coming into both our lives, child. I am going away from this; and you—you——"

Yvonne turned round from the window, and started in utter bewilderment. "Going away, Miss Marriott," she repeated breathlessly. "Oh, Miss Marriott, what can you mean by going away?"

The lady sat down on a low chair opposite her.

"How long is it since you came here as governess to my dead brother's child, Yvonne? Almost a year, is it not?"

"A year to-day," she answered quickly, half smiling.

"A year to-day!" repeated Miss Marriott. "So long as that! Well, Yvonne, I think you have been happy with us.

"I have looked upon you as I might have looked upon a daughter: and as for little Eleanor, you know that you are dearer to her than even I am.

"If during all this time I have confided in you next to nothing of my own, or of that child's affairs, it is because I am little given to confidences. Sit down there again, and I will tell you."

Yvonne sat down as she was bidden; a vague uneasiness in her expression.

The lady took the girl's hand into hers, and spoke:

"My brother was not like me," she began. "He was very sensitive, for one thing; and he was of a quiet, retiring disposition—painfully shy.

"How he ever came to marry the woman he did was a mystery to me, save that she was beautiful; but, at any rate, there is no mystery about this—that she did her best to break his heart.

"He had been married just a little less than four years when the news came to me that, one dark night, while his yacht was off the coast of Denmark, he had fallen overboard and was drowned.

"His wife, with a party of her friends, was on board at the time. I knew what that meant; and I thought my thoughts; and I wept over my brother.

"Remember, what I am saying is in strict confidence betwixt you and me; I kept my thoughts to myself; and there was never a breath of slander as to the manner of my poor brother's death.

"I did not see his wife for more than a year afterwards. I did not see her until the day that she came to my home and sat before me; and putting all the boldness out of her fair face—as she well knew how—begged and implored me to come and take up my abode here, 'for darling little Eleanor's sake;' while she travelled abroad for her health.

"Her health! It made me laugh then, even as the very thought of it does now; a stronger bit of marble never was chiselled. Yvonne, as she sat before me that autumn afternoon I told her—that I knew; knew how my brother came to his death.

"It made me shudder to see the abject terror and shame that came into her face, but my heart softened to her just a little when she wept as she did; and I came.

"Three years have passed away since then, and to-day, for the first time, she again let me hear from her. And what do you think is her news now, Yvonne?"

"What?"

"This: that she has married again."

"Married again!"

"Yes. She writes to me from London—just a few words. She says that she was married in Germany about a month ago; that she, and her husband and some friends—oh, Yvonne, I wonder has the woman no memory—that they are coming on here to-morrow: which of course means to-day.

"She tells me nothing about her husband, not even his name: only she signs herself, Eleanor Joscelyn. That is all, positively all, that I know.

"I am very, very sorry for him, whoever he is, poor fellow; only, of course, I cannot stay here. I shall wait to deliver up little Eleanor to her. It pains me to the heart to leave the child; but what can I do?

"As for you, what will you do? Were I speaking only for Eleanor's sake, I would say to you—stay; but for your own sake, my dear Yvonne, I must tell you, you had better, far better go away."

The girl looked round at the low-roofed, heavy-raftered room, dangling her small white hand out of the window, fingering the purple creeper nervously.

"Would she be unkind to me Miss Marriott?"

"Unkind to you, child? Well, that depends upon what you mean by the word. She will smile on you, and cajole you, and introduce you to all her friends, just because you have a pretty face, Yvonne, and she likes to amuse her friends. All the same, if you were my daughter, you should not stay an hour in her house. And yet—you are so good, Yvonne."

Yvonne shot a swift, direct look out of her sweet dark eyes into the kindly face studying her.

"I am not good, dear Miss Marriott; but you see, it is only for a year."

"Why only for a year? Ah, I understand—this somebody." And she added, laughing and taking her hand: "Oh, Yvonne—yes, child, I think you may stay. When you can blush like that, and when there is this somebody—I think you may stay."

And as the forest whispered, and the blue smoke of the gnarled old red chimneys went waiting away up into the air, Yvonne smiled; she thought of the wide ocean, the long dark steamers, the thumping engines; of keen deep-set blue eyes, and a sunburnt face.

After all, what was this woman, or her husband, or her friends to Yvonne?

What was anything or everything; or rather what and who was everything? Paul.

* * * * * *

Darkness has fallen on the manor-house, and the wind rustles in the trees around it. Lights shine out from the many windows, and voices laugh and talk in the long brilliant drawing-room, and go sounding away over the quiet park, for the night is hot, and the windows are open.

Gay, showy music mingles with the voices from time to time, seeming to announce, just as they do, the style of people to be expected beyond the fluttering muslin curtains.

The dogs bark in their distant kennels, and the little birds swing to and fro up on the branches.

At the back of the house again all is quietness; a low window, from where one can listen to the whispering of the pine-trees, stands open.

Down upon the sill a little fragile-looking woman has laid her head; she is sobbing, sobbing, sobbing—as only a woman in trouble, and the dark night wind—can sob.

She wears an evening dress of some gauzy material; and the light of the flickering candle burns dangerously near; but she cares nothing for it, turning herself to this side and that—and sobbing, sobbing. All of a sudden the door opens and shuts again hastily, and a man seizes both her hands in his, bending to her passionately.

"Yvonne—oh, Yvonne, Yvonne!"

She pulls them away with an effort, and turns her back to him, flushing up to the roots of her hair, and biting her lips angrily.

"Captain Joscelyn, how dare you call me by that name?"

He pushed the candle quickly aside, and took her hands into his again before she could prevent him, his face as dark as the night, his blue eyes flaming.

"Yvonne—for heaven's sake let us have none of this make-believe nonsense. I will not do or say anything which either of us might regret; but you shall hear what I have to tell you. I cannot rest until I do it. I shall never trouble you about it again—you may be sure of that Yvonne.

"When I said good-bye to you upon the steamer that day, there was no man in all the wide earth more free than I, though I could not then conveniently marry, and never man meant words more earnestly than I did—those words I spoke to you. You went one way, and I went another; but many and many a time I thought that I could not wait—that I must trace you; for it seemed such madness to cast away two happy years out of our short life times.

"About two months ago I wandered away to Germany, still thinking of you; night and day thinking only of you. Would you like me to swear it, Yvonne?

"Well, I was passing through Dresden—and it was a chance that I did pass through Dresden at all, and I had just turned into the booking-office at the railway station there, when an old school friend of mine tapped me on the shoulder.

"You know how things happen: a few hours later I was whirling around a ball-room with—my wife for a partner; only, of course, she was not my wife then."

The girl turned from him.

"Nay, you need not be afraid, Yvonne—I am not going to say anything that I ought not to say. And yet—oh, Yvonne, I must explain what I have to explain; how can I, unless I tell you all!

"See, I can say this: I told you my past life had not been exactly that of a saint's—well upon that very first night I lost my head; I never lost my heart, never, never. My wife knows that as well as I know it; otherwise I should not repeat it to you, but the head is more dangerous than the heart sometimes. And so, the days passed on, and we were married.

"I do not want to excuse myself, or to attempt to justify myself, I only want to ask you to forgive me.

"After to-night you shall be Miss Ogilvie, and I Captain Joscelyn, but, just this once: life is so short you know, and it will be something for me to carry through it; Just this once, Yvonne, let me hear you say 'Paul, I forgive you.'"

His eyes were wet with tears; his voice shook with emotion.

She looked at him very gravely and quietly.

"I cannot quite say that," she answered firmly; "but I can say, Captain Joscelyn, I forgive you; if, indeed, there is anything to forgive. And after to-night—it is all arranged—I am going away."

He straightened himself, and crossed his arms in silence, the night wind ruffling his hair, and playing wildly with the flaming candle.

"That means," he began huskily at last, "that you do not trust me when I promise I will never again trouble you. Very well, Yvonne, it is no wonder. That is all, of course, that I can say."

She stood before him as white as death.

"Captain Joscelyn," she said, "that day upon the steamer you left me free, and of course you were free yourself; besides which, the whole thing was only a dream. You have nothing to reproach yourself with as far as I am concerned. It is not on account of this that I am going away."

He stood for one moment irresolute, then suddenly held out his hand to her without a word. "Good-bye, Yvonne."

She put her own into it quietly. "Good-bye."

As if by mutual consent, they raised their faces, and looked steadily at one another. Keen, deep-set, blue eyes; grave, large pupilled, dark eyes; in both—despair.

All of a sudden, a great cry burst from her, down upon the table she laid her head, sobbing madly, "Paul, Paul—why did you do it?" And almost in the same breath, "Paul, I forgive you."

With a bound, she was out of the room, and away.

He made a rapid stride, as if to follow her; then, stopping abruptly, he stood sighing, and passing his hand over his brow as if to think.

Suddenly, with one passionate movement, he locked himself into the room, and with another, pitched the lighted candle far away, out amongst the dewy grass below, leaving himself alone in the impenetrable darkness.

That was all man ever knew of the struggle.

CHAPTER III.

A STORM on the open sea, and the steamer is out in it.

The great waves are flying from side to side, roaring, seething, running, rushing; throwing up pillars of swirling whiteness into the air.

Darting, plunging, turning in one instant from brown to purple, from dingy yellow to emerald green; everywhere force, everywhere power; miles and miles of a mad, dancing, scrambling movement; hurrying lights and shadows; the wind shrieking; the black clouds tearing.

At the far away shore, where the mighty waves bomb against the rocks, and the fishermen cluster together, holding on their hats and shaking their heads, even there it is nothing to this, upon the open sea. The steamer is out in it.

It staggers and plunges; it stands vibrating; darts wildly on; then stands again; the engines thundering madly; the black smoke gasping.

A long, lithe looking steamer it is; but will it stand this, out on the open sea?

Down in the long crimson-carpeted saloon a little woman sits with her head bent over the table, an open book before her, her large eyes staring into vacancy.

The wind howls and the vessel rocks, but she never heeds it, only clasping the side of the table mechanically to keep herself from falling—and she is dreaming.

No one could tell what is the nature of these dreams, her face is so still and changeless; except, perhaps, that she is dreaming not so much of something as of someone; and that as no smiles come to relieve the fixed look of eyes and brow, they can hardly be very brilliant in their happiness.

It is a strange thing to be day-dreaming with only a thin plank betwixt her and eternity, and with eternity, so to speak, announcing itself in the voice of every wave crashing against the vessel.

One of the side cabin-doors opens softly. Ah, could she but see; could she only but see! but she goes on dreaming, all unconscious.

A man—a brown-faced, handsome-featured man, stands irresolute, and then comes slowly forward; his brows knit, his lips quivering.

Oh, Yvonne, Yvonne, turn and look at the man.

She will not look; she only gazes fixedly at the swinging lamp above her head; until all at once her name is called in a tone in which it was surely never called before.

She turns her head rapidly, and gasps, her face as white as death:

"Paul!"

He holds out both his hands; she puts her own mechanically into them, still staring wildly; and then with a fierce movement, snatches them away again.

"What are you doing here? why are you here? They told me I was the only passenger on board." Then with a sudden burst: "Oh, Paul, Paul; is it really you!"

The ship rolls, he drops into the seat beside her, and smiles.

"Yvonne, why do you ask me what I am doing here? You know I am only keeping my promise."

A flush of anger covers her pale face, and she attempts to rise; but he pushes her gently down, and repeats his question.

"Yvonne, sweet Yvonne, why do you ask me?"

"Captain Joscelyn!"

"Nay—Paul." A thought of some strange nature seemed to strike her; for her face became deadly white and dazed again. Then all of a sudden, with a stifled cry, she laid her head on the table, and wept as if her heart would break. "Oh, Paul, I am so sorry; and yet—oh, I cannot tell whether I am glad or sorry. She is dead?"

He bent his head slowly, turning his gaze to the far end of the cabin.

The storm raged wilder than ever.

The dark, narrow space at the end heaved up and down; the heavy red-cushioned seats around it rose and fell, like spectres in the darkness.

He watched them dreamily out of his blue, burning eyes.

"Yvonne," he said, "listen to the wind"

She turned round upon him again, her features quivering. "Paul, when did she die?"

A mighty wave thundered against the shivering wood.

He clasped his hands tightly over hers. "Listen to the storm, Yvonne. But it is already passing."

She pulled her hands away from him, and covered her face again.

"And to think that she is dead!"

He took hold of them once more, with a passionate movement; and spoke as though his soul were in his lips.

"Yvonne—listen. I am not going to ask you to forgive my folly, because you did forgive it long ago. Ah, yes, Yvonne, I have not forgotten. I said it would be something for me to carry through life; and I will never forget. Yes, she is dead, Yvonne; but listen to me; all the past is dead. Look, here we are back upon the steamer again; with the sunshine, and the blue water, and the little white clouds. Ah, Yvonne, sweet Yvonne, do you remember?"

The wind howled; the waves beat; the vessel tossed; a cold drifting snow mingled with the departing storm, and eight bells rang.

What have imperfections to do with love? What has a storm to do with peace?

To this woman it seemed as if the tossing steamer had turned to gold; and the raging waters, and howling wind, to a fairy dream of some fabulous enchantment; and life itself to one long sunbeam; the name of life and the name of the sunbeam—Paul.

To this man the past was as a nightmare; and the present the awakening from the nightmare; and the future a fair landscape, and a smiling, everlasting summer's day!

How I Was Robbed.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

MORE than thirty years ago I was living at a small town called Winslow, about eight miles from Buckingham, and I may as well mention that I was and still am a lady of small but independent means; but I was then about twenty-four, and now—well, I need not finish that sentence.

At the period to which I refer, the little gossiping country town was greatly excited by a report that a gang of professional thieves was busy in the neighborhood.

Several most artful burglaries had been effected, and in the surrounding country roads and lanes persons had been robbed by strategy—always without violence.

Just at this time I had occasion to go to Buckingham, and, as the railway to that town was not then available, I decided to drive there in my little basket-chaise, accompanied by my serving-man, who was coachman, groom, and gardener all in one.

I had business in Buckingham at my lawyer's, and intended to put up at the principal inn there and return home the next day.

As I dressed myself for my drive, my young cousin, Mary Ward, who was staying at my house, said to me—

"Emily, don't wear that beautiful brooch today."

"Why not, my dear?" said I, at the same time listening to the brooch to which she had alluded, which was very handsome and very valuable, both for the diamonds it was set with and for a lock of hair that it contained, which was one of my greatest treasures.

"There are thieves about," said Mary.

"Well," I said, "no one will get close to me sitting in my little chaise."

"And you'll pass the gipsy camp," continued Mary. "Suppose half a dozen great gipsy men were to spring at your chaise, and make a dash at your brooch, Sandy would be nowhere."

For Sandy, as we called Alexander Thoms, my man, was small and near-sighted, and certainly not great in strength or courage.

I laughed, for I really had no fears.

The turnpike road from Winslow to Buckingham was straight as a line, and neither lonely nor romantic.

There was no danger, as I told my cousin, and soon after I set off.

It was a beautiful September afternoon, and I was enjoying the freshness of the air when, as we walked the pony up a rather long hill, about a mile out of town, I saw the figure of a plainly-dressed elderly woman [illegible] on before us on foot, and presently she turned and seemed to be waiting for us.

"I beg your pardon," she said, coming up to the chaise as we slowly [illegible] her, but I think that I address Miss Simmonds."

I acknowledged that that was my name, and she continued—

"I am an old acquaintance of Mrs. Bolton, of Swanbourne. I believe you know her?"

"Mrs. Bolton is a very old friend of mine," I replied.

"I have come from her house to-day," said the stranger, "and am obliged to get Buckingham on business. She told me that you were driving there this afternoon, and that I might make so bold as to mention her name, and ask you to kindly give me a lift. It's a long way to walk."

"It is, indeed," said I. "But why did you not come to my house with Mrs. Bolton's message?"

"I got a lift from Swanbourne right through Winslow in a cart, ma'am," replied the woman, "and then I thought I would not trouble you. But I find I can scarcely manage a seven mile walk."

"Well, get up," said I, for there was a little back seat to my pony-chaise. "Of course, I am glad to accommodate any friend of Mrs. Bolton's."

"I am scarcely a friend," said the woman, "but I was once in her service, and she knows me well."

So saying, she got up, and we jogged along.

After addressing a few civil remarks to her I relapsed into silence, for I am one that likes quietness in travelling, until passing the edge of a common that skirts one of the outlying villages we saw the gipsy camp close to us.

I thought of Mary, when several great, rough-looking gipsies approached the chaise and begged.

My pony shied at them, and presently stopped.

One of them reached over and laid his hand on my little Maltese dog which sat by my side; but when I turned angrily upon him, he withdrew directly, declaring he meant no harm.

I threw the [illegible] some half-pence, and presently the pony having recovered, we drove [illegible] and in due time reached Buckingham, and I [illegible] into the yard of the principal inn.

The stranger woman got down first, and begged that she might help me to alight.

She was very grateful for her ride, and said she should be able to return to Swanbourne by a carrier's cart.

As I stepped down she was wishing me good [illegible] when suddenly she said—

"Ma'am, your cape is unfastened, and, excuse me, but I think that you had a brooch on."

I put up my hand in alarm, and, sure enough, my costly brooch was gone.

We hunted the bottom of the chaise in vain.

"It's those gipsies," said Sandy, in great consternation. "It's them confounded gipsies. They made the pony shy a-purpose to take me off them that they might do their thieving."

"But they never got near me," cried I.

"I think they did, ma'am," said the woman, gravely; "I fear they did. When the [illegible] had his hand on your dog, I watched that he should not take its silver collar. Instead of that he took your diamond brooch."

"I can't think how it is possible," said I, in great [illegible].

"Ah! you don't know how artful them gipsies are, miss," said Sandy.

Well, my brooch was gone, and there seemed no way of even trying to recover it.

"I can't understand it," I said to the landlady, talking it over with her. "I feel almost certain I laid my finger on my brooch, and felt it safe as we drove into [illegible]. We met a fork as we turned [illegible] and I remember stooping over my dog [illegible] and straightening. I was [illegible] then."

"If there is any chance of that," said the landlady, "it may be lying in the street. We will send for the crier."

So the crier was put into requisition; and as Buckingham, though larger than Winslow, is but a small place, a considerable sensation was excited, and I became rather a heroine.

The elderly stranger stayed with me at the inn for some time.

She explored the pony-chaise, shook out the wraps and mats, and when further searching was hopeless, wished me good-day, with repeated thanks and expressions of sorrow at my loss, and walked away.

Well, nothing came of the efforts of the town-crier.

I sent to the police, but they seemed to think it a hopeless case.

"When once those gipsies get hold of anything," said they, "there's no chance of tracing it."

So I paid my visit to my lawyer, returned to my inn for the night, and the next day drove back to Winslow, noticing, as we passed, that the gipsies' camp had entirely disappeared.

"No wonder they are gone," said Sandy; "they got a lucky hit, miss. They may make off with a good many dozen cocks and hens before they get the value of that 'ere diamond brooch."

Mary could not refrain from a little triumphant "I told you so" reproach; but when she saw how vexed I was at my loss she soon desisted; and when a week or two had passed I began to get over it and forget it.

But the matter was recalled to my mind very unexpectedly.

About a month after the occurrence I had a call from Mrs. Bolton, who came into Winslow shopping, and as usual took lunch with me, and I naturally mentioned her old servant, who had driven with me into Buckingham.

At first she looked surprised, but presently seeming to recollect, said—

"Oh, you mean old Molly Sears, our old nurse. Did you overtake her near Buckingham?"

"Not at all," I replied. "She was only just out of Winslow. She gave me your message, and I took her up and drove her [illegible]."

"I never sent any message," said Mrs. Bolton, bewildered; "and Molly lives at Buckingham."

I then related all the circumstances to Mrs. Bolton, but she shook her head.

"It was some impostor," said she. "There is no old servant of mine about, except old Molly, and she is eighty, and walks with a crutch."

Then it flashed across my mind that the gipsies did not steal my brooch.

I was opening my mouth to speak, when my servant said that a person on business wanted to speak to me particularly, and I left my friend, and stepped into the next room.

There I found a Buckingham tradesman, a jeweller, with whom I had had several dealings, one whom I knew to be a most worthy and respectable man.

"Miss Simmonds," said he, after the first greetings, "will you favor me with a minute description of the brooch you lost when driving into Buckingham in the last [illegible]?"

"It was oval-shaped," said I, "and set round with rubies and diamonds. In the centre there was a locket, with light hair in it. On the back was engraved 'E. S., from J. H.—1849.'"

Mr. Pope made no answer, but took a little box out of his pocket, opened it, and there was my brooch!

I screamed out for joy, and Mrs. Bolton came running in.

"Who travelled with you in your chaise, Miss Simmonds?" said Mr. Pope, smiling.

"A person I took up on the road," said I, now greatly excited—"a woman, tall, and rather old, who said she knew this lady, Mrs. Bolton, which she didn't. Oh, she's the thief, I see. Plainly dressed, with a gruff voice, and grey hair."

"Just so," said Mr. Pope. "This person, madam," turning to my friend, "is a most daring and artful thief, but there is an end now to his tricks. "Yes, his tricks, ma'am. The thief was a man in woman's clothes."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Bolton, struck with a new thought; "I see it all. There was a man about our premises just at that time prying into everything. He pretended he came with a message from my brother at Bletchley, but I found out afterwards that he did not. And I remember talking about Miss Simmonds before him while he sat eating a meal in the kitchen. I remember telling my Annie that Miss Simmonds would drive into Buckingham the next day. But I said nothing about a brooch."

"He had means of finding out that we know nothing of," said Mr. Pope. "But I must tell you how the lost treasure was recovered.

"Perhaps you know that I have a relative in my own way of business at Leighton Buzzard. Well, I have just been spending a few days with him, seeing to a little matter between us.

"I was standing behind his counter yesterday, when a shabby young woman, with a very woe-begone face, came whining, and asking what I would give her for it—she must part with it she said.

"Somehow I didn't like the tone of her voice, and, taking up the brooch, I suddenly thought of your loss and the description given out by the town crier.

"Well, to make a long story short, we gave this young woman in charge on suspicion, and by means of threats managed through her to get at the real thief—this man who walks about in woman's clothes, and who will very soon be out of the way of thieving for a considerable time."

Well, this is how I lost my brooch and how I found it again.

Winslow and Buckingham have greatly increased in size since those days, and the railway connects them by the ride of a few minutes.

And even the village of Swanbourne, close by where Mrs. Bolton lived, has its railway station, and all things are altered. But I never see the old road without thinking of that drive, when I sat serene and unconscious with that dreadful man-woman thief behind me, while the poor vagabond gipsies wandered on the Common.

THE MINIATURE SHEEP. The very smallest of all the breeds of sheep, save a contemporary in the city [illegible] sheep. It is [illegible] to be very profitable to raise, for [illegible] it does not have much wool, and, as for eating, a fat grey coat can be met at [illegible] road. It is so small, when full-grown, that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the part of France where it is most raised. But, is not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very loving, and, because it is so small, it is not such a nuisance about the house as the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. It would need to be a very large little girl—a giant girl, indeed—who could take an ordinary sheep in her lap and cuddle it there; but any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep quite as easily as for one of those very ugly little dogs called by the ugly name of pug. One of the little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness.

If any person whom it likes is very much pleased about anything and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, this person sheds tears, the sympathetic [illegible] will evince its [illegible] ow in an equally unmistakable way.

A kind word and a loving caress will also fill it with happiness, while a cross word or harsh gesture will cause it evident distress.

Renew and retain your youthful appearance by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best article of its kind.

New Publications.

Evening Rest, by J. L. Pratt. Young Folks' Library. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 25 cents. A simple, quiet story, whose character is adequately expressed by the title. Evening Rest is the name given to a little hamlet in the Blue Ridge region of Pennsylvania, remarkable for the beauty of its surroundings and the lovely character of its people. Thither goes a young man from the East to visit an uncle whom he has never before seen, and his experiences during the stay make up the contents of the book. The author, throughout the story, dwells much upon the sweet and tender influences of home. In Evening Rest he creates an ideal household and community, and strives to show how much they have to do with the formation of character.

The very great popularity attained by Sir James Caird's "In his, The Land and The People," has induced Messrs. Cassell & Co. to publish a new and enlarged edition which will be ready in a few days. Sir James Caird was the English member of the Indian Famine Commission, in which capacity he visited all the provinces of India and had rare opportunities for studying the condition of the people as affected by the actions of government, and, his book is filled with information that the ordinary traveler would have found it impossible to secure.

Mr. Gordon Wigan, member of the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians of England, has prepared from Hospitalier's famous "Formulaire," "The Electrician's Pocket-book," which will be published immediately by Cassell & Co. There is no such book in English, and Mr. Wigan supplies a want that all electricians acknowledge. This "Pocket-Book" is more than a translation of M. Hospitalier's volume, for there is much new material added from the translator's own experience and reading.

MAGAZINES.

The Journal of Progress for September contains a most interesting variety of information for mechanics, beautifully illustrated. This magazine has triumph of typography, more particularly the present issue which is magnificently printed in some eight or ten different colors in the highest style of art. We have never seen a more beautiful production of the printer's craft. Published at 907 Arch St., this city.

The October *Wide Awake* opens with a beautiful poem by Mrs. Mary L. Bradley, entitled Little Christel, for which F. H. Lungren has drawn a charming frontispiece. There are several other fine full-page engravings. Philip Bourke Marston's poem The Lonely Rose has also handsome illustrations. Two good short stories for boys are How Two Schoolboys Killed a Bear, and A Modern Hero; Old School-Days III, by Amanda B. Harris, and About Other Dwarfs, both illustrated, form interesting for both young and old. Edward Everett Hale talks about State-Rights. The four serials are continued, and the Æsop's Fable this month is The Frogs who Wished a King, with illustrations by G. F. Barnes. The new course of the C. Y. F. R. U. starts off well, containing, among other papers, The Children of Westminster Abbey, by Rose Kingsley; Souvenirs of My Time, by Mrs. Jesse Benton Fremont; Boys' Heroes, by E. E. Hale; The Making of Pictures, by Mrs. Whitman, and The Temperance Teachings of Science, the initial paper by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. The illustrations are many and beautifully engraved and printed. Terms $3 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., publisher, Boston.

The October *Century* closes the 28th volume of this magazine. The table of contents is large and varied. Henry Bacon, of the art colony in Paris, writes interestingly of [illegible] portrait engraved [illegible] several views of our studio and [illegible] her well known [illegible]. Under Matthews contributes a literary [illegible] Austen Dobson, whose portrait is [illegible] of the number. The other illustrated papers are Dr. Eggleston's article on [illegible] Conclusions of the Colonies, Prof. Langley's second paper on The New Astronomy, and the second of W. J. Stillman's account of his journey On the Track of Ulysses. [illegible] short stories, the closing parts of [illegible] D. Sherman's Boyesen's A Problematic Character. The Cœur d'Alene Stampede is a graphic account by E. V. Smalley of the growth and decline of the recent mining craze. Washington Gladden has an interesting discussion, tending to show how the increase of wealth in the world is due to the [illegible] of Christianity, and suggesting means for its employment. Many readers will first turn to the [illegible] departments, where they will find much to interest and amuse. Bric-a-Brac contains several contributions of humorous and society verse. The Century Co., New York. 35 cents per number.

PHOTOGRAPHY is now turned to new uses in Paris Courts in cases of alleged adulteration of pepper, farina, and other articles of commerce. Hitherto the evidence of experts who have examined such commodities with the microscope has been accepted as conclusive, but the new system introduced by [illegible] consists of the [illegible] has been [illegible] of procedure. They [illegible] their analysis of minute samples of commodities under a strong light, which permits the use of a photographic microscope. The photograph thus taken is sufficiently large to be easily inspected by the Court, and thus the Judges are able to verify the investigations and also give the prisoner the benefit of any mistake which may be discovered in the expert testimony.

Our Young Folks.

A CURE FOR DISCONTENT.

BY FRANK ABELL.

IN that low quarter of the city of Yeddo, called Shinagawa, there lived a poor sandal-maker.

He was very poor, and belonged to the proscribed tribe of Etas, a race which, previous to the present era of refinement and enlightenment, lived by themselves, the spurned and despised of men, able only to follow certain trades of a menial character, such as the flaying of animals, the execution of criminals, and the making of sandals and clogs, to which the free-born citizens would not stoop.

Poverty and misery preyed upon the mind of the poor sandal-maker so much that one night he said to his wife, "O Taki, I wish I could be a great lord for a few days, to do nothing, to eat and drink of the best, and never be obliged to think about spending a tempo."

"Don't be stupid, Denkichi," replied his wife, "you would never do to be a lord, you might just as well try to swallow Fuji" (the great mountain.)

But the god Inari, who was prowling about, as was his wont, heard this, and resolved that he would teach the poor man a lesson of contentment.

So when the sandal-maker was asleep between his filthy quilts he appeared to him, and said, "You want to be a lord. Very well, you shall try it for a week."

The sandal-maker rubbed his eyes and awoke.

He was in a beautiful room, the walls of which were hung with curiously painted scrolls; the mats were of the finest and whitest straw, his quilts were of the softest silk, and his pillow was of camphor wood with a roll of the best bamboo paper tied upon it.

As he awoke a servant approached him kneeling, with a tray of sweetmeats.

Denkichi took a handful and swallowed them, smacked his lips, and cleared the dish.

The servant prostrated himself to the mats and retired, as he came, kneeling.

"Well," said Denkichi, "this is luck! I suppose I'd better dress.

His old garments were gone, and in their place was a suit of splendidly embroidered silk, fitted with stiff cardboard wings, and adorned with huge white crests of oak leaves.

A personage who seemed to be a sort of major-domo appeared, and informed him that the suitors were waiting in the ante-room.

"But where's O Taki?" asked Denkichi.

The man shook his head.

"Well, as I'm a regular lord," thought Denkichi, "I may as well see what it's like, but I should have liked O Taki to have seen me. And these clothes are confoundedly hot and heavy. But never mind, here goes!"

So he went into the ante-room, where there must have been at least a hundred people assembled, who all made obeisance as he appeared.

The major-domo showed him a sort of raised dais on which he was to seat himself, and for three long hours he was obliged to remain motionless, listening to claims and petitions, and remonstrances and begging of favors, and details of estates, and of revenue, and of a hundred other things of which he knew nothing.

Several times he felt as if he would have liked to jump up and stretch his legs, and intend himself uneasily, but the eye of the major domo spoke a silent remonstrance, and he subsided with a sigh.

When at length the business was concluded, Denkichi was about to fling off his robes, and lie down as was his wont, half naked, with his pipe between his lips and a bowl of wine beside him, when the major-domo informed him that the hour of the mid-day meal had arrived.

At this repast he was introduced to the ladies of his retinue, who were magnificently arrayed, but so staid and solemn of demeanor, so unable to appreciate the joke by which he had won for himself the name of the "Shinagawa Wit," that he would much rather have had his plain, homely O Taki by his side.

The meal was splendid, but Denkichi would have preferred a dish of stewed eels, a bowl of Yakidofu, and a measure of Three Virtue wine, to all the delicate dishes presented to him, so smothered in sauces and condiments as not to preserve an atom of their natural flavor.

It was a long affair too, and when it was over he exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "Well, at any rate, now they'll let me have half an hour's peace."

But the major-domo approached, and reminded him that the fencing master was waiting.

So poor Denkichi was obliged to encase himself in a heavy suit of chain armor, and for more than an hour attack and defend, repeat, parry, cut, lunge, and dance about until he was nigh dropping with fatigue.

After the fencing came the master of Chinese, and after the master of Chinese the music instructor.

A few cups of tea—spoilt, so thought Denkichi, by the infusion of cherry flower—somewhat refreshed him, and for the first time during the day he was enabled to get a few minutes of such rest as his stiff raiment would allow him.

But the business of the day was by no means over.

A council of the heads of the ward was held, at which Denkichi presided, and again he had to sit listening to dry arguments on questions of law, petty differences of opinion, long speeches, and statements about matters in which he did not feel the slightest interest.

This was followed by the evening meal, an entertainment just as formal and twice as lengthy as that at midday.

He was almost asleep with weariness and fatigue, and would have crept into his sumptuous bedchamber, but the major-domo—how he hated that major-domo!—told him that a new theatre had been opened in the quarter, and that the people would be offended if the lord were not to honor the first night with his presence.

A fresh suit of clothes, if possible heavier and stiffer than the first, was necessary for this performance, and not until the small hours of the next morning could poor Denkichi at last throw himself down between the quilts, only to be aroused in a short time to meet the assembly of suitors.

So, for a week this continued, with but little variation.

On the evening of the sixth day Inari appeared.

"Well," he said, "how do you like it?"

Denkichi fell on his knees.

"Let me go back this minute!" he cried, "and never more shall you hear a word of discontent pass my mouth."

Inari granted his prayer, and he found himself back again at the old hut in Shinagawa, with O Taki by his side.

So utterly tired and worn out was he that he slept during the whole of the next day, and then he related his experience to a wondering circle of friends.

But he never more was heard to grumble at his lowly condition.

GILES AND HIS KITE.

BY PIPKIN.

GILES' kite was the finest and biggest in all the village, and it flew the highest. It had two round eyes, a nose, and an immense smiling mouth painted on the face of it;—its tail was the perfection of neatness and grace, and Giles possessed a ball of string over 400 yards long!

One very fine, yet windy day, Giles went as usual to fly his kite on the village green. Up it went, higher, higher, so high that there wasn't an inch of string left, and the great kite looked like a small bird far up in the blue sky.

Giles pegged it down, and lying flat on his back on the grass watched the kite as it rode gracefully at the end of his 400 yards of string.

"I wish I could go up there," thought Giles. "What fun to be so high, and to bump against the clouds."

"Why, what's that coming down the string at such a pace?"

Before it touches the ground Giles has seized it.

It is a beautiful little basket filled with bons-bons, and a letter addressed to "Dear Giles,"—it ran as follows:

"KITELAND.

"DEAR GILES,

"We want you to come and have a game with us; eat some of our bon-bons, then step into the basket, and you will find yourself here in no time.

"Your affectionate friends,

"THE LITTLE KITE PEOPLE."

Giles laughed. "Fancy me getting into that little bit of a basket."

Anyway he began eating the bon-bons, and then commenced the most curious sensation he had ever felt.

The grass seemed to grow into an immense jungle.

The string that held the kite became as thick as a rope.

The little basket a large cradle.

The peg that fastened down the kite-string an enormous pole.

So Giles, without more ado, jumped into the basket, and in a moment he felt himself borne aloft.

Up he went, over church and village; peeping over the side of the basket he saw his father digging in the garden, and far off, on the high road, farmer John jogging along on his old bay mare: the stream, that Giles so often paddled and caught small fish in, looked like the trail of a snail over a grass plot—but bump! he had reached the kite! What a size it is! How it has grown!

At the kite's mouth, which was wide open, were a lot of little children, who, as Giles looked in surprise, dragged him out of the basket into the kite's mouth.

What a sight there met his eyes.

A lovely garden full of beautiful trees, plants, and fruits, and the walks, instead of being made of gravel, were strewn with sweets and other small goodies.

Every other tree was a Christmas tree covered with toys and lollipops, and as Giles' eye greedily scanned the trees, he saw that to the best and most expensive toys his own name was appended.

Then the inhabitants of this garden the little kite people, what darlings they were, so beautiful, and they made such a fuss with Giles, he felt, as his mother would have termed it, "quite above himself."

They played games;—Giles won them all. They ran races, again Giles was victorious.

All the pretty little kite girls ran after Giles, and left their former little kite boy friends to play among themselves, but even the kite boys stood open mouthed with admiration of Giles, and were not a bit jealous.

Never before was anybody so petted and so "much-made-of" as was Giles by the little kite people.

Having stuffed himself with bon-bons and fruit, and having satiated himself with toys, Giles looked around for some new excitement, and his eye caught sight of a beautiful gold fish at the end of a tall pole, which turned on a pivot and told the little kite people which way the wind was blowing.

"Ah!" thought Giles, "here's an opportunity to show them how well I can climb a post, and then how jolly to have that big gold fish."

With that he ran to the pole and commenced climbing.

"Come down! come down, Giles!" shouted with one voice the little kite people. "Come down, the king of kiteland has forbidden any of us to touch the fish."

"What do I care?" said Giles; he hasn't forbidden me." And he went on climbing.

"Oh Giles!" cried the little people, "if you touch that fish some terrible misfortune will occur. Do please come down!"

But Giles never heeded them, on he went up the pole until the top is reached, then, stretching out one hand and holding on with the other, he seizes the fish.

In a moment it is pitch dark, and with a tremendous roar of thunder everything seemed to turn topsyturvy.

Giles with one wild scream sprang into the darkness—when he awoke, to find himself still lying on his back on the village green, his kite still flying, the sun still shining, and a donkey close to his head was just getting his breath again, having the moment before indulged in a violent bray.

"What a muff I was to meddle with that gold fish," thought Giles, as he wound his kite down.

Many a time afterwards while flying his kite did Giles fall asleep, hoping that the little kite people would ask him to kite-land again, but they never did.

Would you like to know why?

I will tell you—because he was disobedient and greedy; but it taught him a lesson which he has never forgotten.

AN HEROIC GIRL.—The patriotic and heroic conduct of the maiden Agnostina, at the siege of Saragossa, in 1808, is well worthy to be related and remembered.

During two months the Spanish garrison had repelled the French besiegers with the greatest courage, but the lines of the enemy were gradually advancing.

The trenches were full of dead, and the gloom of despair was now settling upon the minds of all.

At this desperate moment an unknown maiden issued from the church of Nostra Donna del Pilas.

She took her way through the city with a bold and firm step, and passed to the ramparts to the very spot where the besiegers were pressing on to the assault.

Mounting to the very breach, she seized a lighted match from the hand of a dying engineer and fired the piece of artillery he had laid to rest destruction.

Then she cried loudly, with the accent of desperation:

"Death or victory!"

She reloaded the cannon, as the exhausted soldiers looked on in awe and admiration. It seemed as if heaven had brought aid to their cause.

Filled with a new enthusiasm, the cry was answered on every side with "Long live Agnostina!" and "Forward! forward!" we will conquer."

The inspiring cry and wonderful vision before them had changed the fainting soldiers into heroes again, with more than mortal courage. The French were soon repulsed on all sides.

But the courageous acts of Agnostina did not end here.

During the bombardment, she threw herself into the most perilous positions to rescue the unhappy beings wounded by the bombs or by falling timbers.

She went from house to house, visiting the wounded, binding up their hurts, and supplying aid to the sick and starving.

At length the French had become masters of half of the city, and demanded its capitulation.

The Spanish general received the demand in public. He turned to Agnostina, who stood near him, completely armed, and asked:

"What shall I answer?"

The heroic girl immediately replied: "War to the knife!"

This was the decision, and the fight was renewed with even more bloody desperation.

One row of houses would be occupied by the Spanish and the opposite row by the French. Consequently, a continued tempest of balls passed through the air, and the town was a volcano.

The most active part, in all these hours of heroism, agony, and blood, was taken by the maiden struggling for king and country. She ran from rank to rank and from house to house, alike to nerve those still fighting to deeds of courage, and to show acts of kindness to the dying and despairing.

The French were gradually driven back. At the dawn of the 17th of August, this long-contested siege was abandoned.

As the garrison and people knew that their deliverance was due to the heroism of Agnostina, she was told to select what honors she pleased.

Her modest answer was to be allowed to retain the rank of engineer, and to have the privilege of wearing the arms of Saragossa. She lived in honorable privacy during the rest of her life, which closed in 1856.

Young man, do something in this busy, bustling, wide-awake world!

ABOUT CHILDREN.

A SUPERSTITION used to exist that a child which did not cry when sprinkled in baptism would not live long.

In the west of Scotland it was considered unlucky to name a child by any name before the writ of baptism was performed.

When children seemed prematurely smart it was believed they would not live long. Shakspeare puts this superstition into the mouth of Richard III.

Bulwer mentions the tradition concerning children born open-handed, that they will be liberal and big-hearted.

A character in an old play says: "I am a most wretched fellow; surely some left-handed priest christened me, I am so unlucky."

According to Irish and Scotch superstitions, the elves, though in the main harmless, have the bad reputation of stealing children from the cradle and substituting for them changelings who bear resemblance to the stolen infants, but are ugly creatures who never thrive.

On such a theft of a female infant, who is carried to fairy-land, but in the course of years returns to her parents, James Hogg found his fine ballad of "Kilmeny."

In some parts of Scotland it is a popular notion among the lower classes that when a child is for the first time taken into the open air, the bearer of it should give something to eat to the first person met, otherwise the child will be unlucky. The gift is called "the bairn's piece."

When a child was taken from its mother, and carried outside of the bedroom for the first time after its birth, it was lucky to take it upstairs and unlucky to take it down stairs.

It was not considered lucky to carry a baby into a neighbor's house until the mother took it herself; and this it was unlucky for even her to do, until she had been to church.

It was considered unlucky for children to walk backwards while going on an errand.

It was deemed unlucky to measure a baby; and if its nails were cut before it was a year old, it would turn out a thief; it was unlucky for a boy to wear trousers made on a Friday, and to sweep dust over the feet of the girls would prevent them from getting husbands.

In Hindostan, when a baby sneezes, the mother snaps her thumb and finger, and repeats aloud the name of one of her gods. When a child cuts a tooth, in South Sweden, the tooth is thrown into the fire.

In Switzerland it is carefully wrapped in paper, and salt inclosed with it before it is thrown into the fire.

In Herrick's time it was regarded as a lucky omen to place a knife near a sleeping child.

Good Friday and Easter Sunday were considered lucky days for changing the caps of children.

In the west of England the fortunes of children are believed to be largely regulated by the day of the week on which they are born:

"Monday's child is fair in face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living.
And a child that is born on Christmas day,
Is fair and wise, good and gay."

Among some of the tribes in Africa if two babies come to a family at the same time they think it a dreadful thing. Nobody except the family can go into the tent where they were born, nor use any of the things in it.

The twins are not allowed to play with other children, and the mother cannot talk to any one outside the family. This is kept up for six years.

If the babies live to be six years old, the restrictions are removed, and they are treated like other children.

IN INDIA.—The natives of Thibet somewhat resemble gipsies. They never cut or comb their hair. The women are a shade lighter than the men, but are rather ugly in feature. They arrange their hair in small braids, ornamented with corals, little bells and copper coins.

Both men and women wear sheepskin caftans and leggings. All the men carry swords. The live in tents covered with hair cloth of their own make.

Mutton and sometimes yak meat are their principal food. They eat their meat uncooked. "Each person," says Prejevalsky, "sitting at the hearth is served with a piece of meat. The head of the family throws the pieces right and left, as if to the dogs. Each member of the family then unsheaths his knife, cuts his portion into small pieces and devours it."

The Thibetans raise cattle, yaks, sheep, goats and horses. Their horses, though small, are remarkable for strength and endurance. Instead of corn they are fed upon dried cheese and even meat.

"I never met an honest and upright Thibetan," says Prejevalsky.

They practice polyandry, one woman having two, three and even four husbands. Well-to-do men, however, have one or two wives.

PLEASANT to the taste and surprisingly quick in relieving Coughs and Colds, it is not at all strange that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has displaced so many other Cough remedies.

THROUGH THE SNOW.

BY ELFA.

For what should I watch when the snow lies white
On the top of the distant hill?
For what should I listen when all is hush'd
And when even the brook is still?
I wait for I know that my love will come,
On some errand of mercy bent,
And my lady's face will be glad and bright
With the charm of a sweet content.
So I wait for the crackle of frozen snow,
For a step that setteth my heart aglow,
For a voice whose music too well I know,
As my lady comes through the snow.

I know she will come, for the snow is hard
When it lies at the poor man's door,
And therefore my love with her gentle heart
Thinks the rich should befriend the poor.
So not vainly shall I for her coming wait,
And perchance it may even be
My lady shall learn from to-day to own
That her pity should reach to me.
So I wait for the crackle of frozen snow,
For a step that setteth my heart aglow,
For a voice whose music too well I know,
As my lady comes through the snow.

And then when she comes thro' the crisp white snow,
Will she meet me with glad surprise?
Ah! then, shall I read what my heart would know
In the gleam of her sweet blue eyes?
I know she will give me at least a smile,
And my heart in its light shall glow,
For love, in its warmth, can defy the cold,
And can laugh though the north winds blow.
So I wait for the crackle of frozen snow,
For a step that setteth my heart aglow,
For a voice whose music too well I know,
As my lady comes through the snow.

AT THE LAST.

THE fear of death is an imaginary terror, and those whose lives are good need never fear it. Many have longed for it, and welcomed it with gratitude. The deaths of many great and good men abundantly illustrate this.

Alexander Cruden, the author of the "Concordance," was found dead on his knees, while in the attitude of prayer. Petrarch died quietly in his library, leaning upon a book.

Leibnitz was found dead in his chamber, with a volume in his hand. Gesner, when near his last moments, desired that he might be carried into his library, when he expired in the midst of his books.

Dr. Haller was watching his pulse in his last moments, and, turning to his friends, he said, "The artery ceases to beat," and expired. Lucan died reciting verses from his "Pharsalia."

Judge Talfourd's death was most characteristic. His last words were the enforcement of sympathy between the richer and poorer classes of society,—and he was carried from off the bench into an adjoining room, where he expired.

Addison called his dissolute son in-law to his bedside, that he might see "with what tranquility a Christian could die." Nicolas Gogol, one of the most distinguished of modern Russian authors, died not long ago; and just before breathing his last, he exclaimed:

"Ah, if people knew how pleasant it is to die, they would not fear death."

Unlike Gogol, who regarded his past writings as a deadly sin, and unlike Tasso, whose dying request to Cardinal Cynthia was that his poetical works might be collected and burnt,—unlike them, Chaucer died ballad-making; Bede died dictating; Herder died writing an ode to the Deity, his pen upon the last line.

Many of the last words of our great men have been very characteristic.

Daniel Webster was lying quite unconscious on his death-bed, when suddenly he broke forth in a piercing voice, which reached the farthest corner of the house: "Life, life! Death, death! How curious it is!"

Neander, the German theologian, died of a kind of cholera. After his seizure he suffered a day or two's pain, which was followed by a quiet interval, when his physicians hoped for his recovery. During this interval he dictated a page in his 'Church History," and then said to his sister, "Let us go home." These were the last words he uttered.

When Niebuhr was far gone, and in extreme danger, a potent medicine was given him. Shortly after he said: "What essential substance is this? Am I so far gone?" He spoke no more.

When Fichte's son approached him with medicine, in his last moments, he answered, "Leave it alone; I need no more medicine; I feel that I am well." He then went to sleep, and slept on.

The last words that Richter could utter were, on touching a wreath of flowers that a lady had sent to him, "My beautiful flowers, my lovely flowers!" The words he had uttered just before these were: "It is time to go to rest."

Byron's last words were, "I must sleep now;" Goethe's, "Light, more light!" Tasso's, "Into thy hands, O Lord!" Burns' last concern was lest the Dumfries volunteers should honor him with a salvo, for he said: "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."

When Schiller was dying he was asked how he felt. "Calmer and calmer," was his reply. And shortly after he looked up with a lively air, and said: "Many things are growing plain and clear to me." And then he closed his eyes in the sleep from which there is no waking.

Haydn's dying words were, "God preserve the Emperor,"—the name of one of his grandest airs.

Mozart's last work was his "Requiem," which was sung around his death-bed; and his last words were these, as he looked over its pages, with tears in his eyes: "Did I not tell you that I was writing this for myself?"

Among the ever-memorable words of great men spoken on their death-beds, are those of Johnson: "Live well!"

Sir Walter Scott, who addressed these to his son-in-law, "Be virtuous, be religious, be a good man; nothing else can give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Sir Walter Raleigh's remark was fine. When the executioner told him to lie down at the block with his head to the east, he said: "No matter how the head lie, so that the heart be right."

Sir Philip Sidney's last act was as noble as his whole life was. When lying wounded on the fatal field of Zutphen, he caught the eye of a dying soldier fixed on the water at which his own parched lips were placed, "Take it," he said, "thy need is greater than mine." There spoke the hero as well as the poet.

Somewhat similar in character were the dying words of the hero of Corunna. When the surgeons hurried to his aid, Sir John Moore said:

"You can be of no service to me; go to the soldiers to whom you can be useful; I am beyond your skill."

Grains of Gold.

Tears are badges of sorrow.

Good thoughts are not lost.

Wealth is not always fortune.

A man is not so soon healed as hurt.

A man is not good or bad for one action.

Man is a volume, if you know how to read him.

Lovely flowers are the smiles of God's goodness.

Better to go to bed supperless than to get up in debt.

A man may love his house, and yet not ride on the ridge.

He getteth a great deal of credit who payeth but a small debt.

The virtuous man is happy in this world, and he will be happy in the next.

Hope is like the cork to the net, which keeps the soul from sinking in despair.

To correct an evil which already exists is not so wise as to foresee and prevent it.

Custom will often blind one to the good, as well as to the evil effects of any long-established system.

To become an able man in any profession there are three things necessary—nature, study and practice.

Recollect every day the things seen, heard or read which makes an addition to your understanding.

The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life.

Good-breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others.

They that will not be counseled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.

Few efforts are more unsuccessful, few labors are more unavailing than those of the reformer who has not reformed himself.

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say you do not care for the light of the sun because you can use a candle.

Place before children nothing but what is simple, lest you spoil their tastes; and nothing that is not innocent, lest you spoil their hearts.

Make use of time while it is present with you: it depends upon your will, and not the number of days, to have a sufficient length of life.

There is no preacher listened to but time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that older people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

Femininities.

A woman's love must not be begged; it must be conquered.

An Iowa Women's Rights lady wishes that all heads of public schools should be women. She wants principals not men.

The true cause of so many divorces is the fact that most men choose a wife as a child does a doll—no matter if her head is filled with sawdust.

Silvie Duprie, of Webster, Mass., is eight years old, 3 feet three inches in height, and weighs 201 pounds. For the past year he has grown one pound a week in weight.

The offer of 100,000 marks, made some time ago to the University of Heidelberg on condition that women should be allowed to study there, has been declined by the faculty.

Some of the newspaper moralists are contributing much to the comfort of spinsters by declaring that the country has struck a cycle of elopements, and neither age nor youth appears to be safe.

A discriminating critic, who wanted to pay a neat compliment to Princess Louise, described that lady's paintings as inoffensive and lady-like. A lady-like landscape in oil must be an imposing picture.

A gentleman who was about to marry a plain girl, said to his friend. "It is not for exterior but for inward beauty I marry her." "Then, for goodness sake," replied the friend, "turn her inside out."

"Slugger" Lewis, of Cleveland, O., is a woman, the first well authenticated instance of a female prize-fighter. She desires an early opportunity to knock out any woman living for one thousand dollars.

In Paris there are 100,000 women who make their living on the streets. Of those licensed by the government there are 35,000 under eighteen, 7,000 under fifteen, and 5,000 little girls under thirteen years of age.

Girls of a marriageable age are now sold for $16 in Yokohama. The Japanese young men must have lots of money to throw away in this manner. Let them come to America, where marriageable girls are given away.

Finger-bowls made of bone are among the curiosities from Mexico now on exhibition. They are clear, translucent, amber-hued, most durable, and yet exquisite, denoting a certain refined taste among the natives.

Dr. Pratt, of London, states in a lecture that of 1,000 married men between the ages of twenty-four and thirty there are six deaths; in the same number of bachelors there are ten deaths; the widowers number twenty-two.

Three thousand dollars damages were awarded the other day in a Milwaukee, Wis., court to a young lady in a breach of promise case "for expenses incurred in preparing for the wedding, and for great mental anguish suffered."

Mrs. Mackey, it is said, gives away $150,000 in charity every year. Her benevolence recently led to a pathetic appeal from some Parisian, whose daughter was about to be married, for any "old diamonds or rubies" she could spare.

Dost thou know what love is? It is the alliance of the tyrant with the slave. "Be thou the tyrant and I will be the slave," says the man. With these words more women have been deceived than there are grains of sand on the seashore.

A philanthropic London lady has bought land in Manitoba from the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is to establish a colony of deaf mutes. She will provide an instructor in farming, and is to expend a considerable sum of money in that experiment.

Love—a stolen Paradise! A heaven on which the sun never sets! A few weeks' these magical joys outweigh the burdens, annoyances and weariesses of a whole lifetime: a few days which pass for a moment, and yet last longer than eternity.

A Connecticut woman magnanimously offers to let the New York Crematory Company try its oven on her husband, provided the baking operation is tried at once. She furnishes the superfluous statement that "he is no earthly use to me or any one else."

"Do you think it's wrong for a girl to kiss a good-looking young fellow?" he asked. "Yes, it's awful wrong. But I don't think"—and she looked up at him very sweetly—"that it is so dreadful wicked for a good-looking young man like to kiss a girl."

A sarcastic person recently put the following advertisement in a German newspaper: "If Charles Frankenberger will either call on or write to Carl Schmidt on the Kaiser strasse, No. 24, he will hear something to his advantage. His wife died yesterday."

According to a recent fashion item, the once fashionable small waist of 18 and 20 inches is out of vogue, and from 23 to 24 inches is the size for medium figures. As there can be no further use for him, we may hope that the short-armed dude will now go.

No Norwegian girl is permitted to have a beau until she can bake bread; and the consequence is she is an adept in this culinary art long before she masters the art of dancing, painting frightful looking objects on placques, and spelling brass by hammering it.

"I want to tell you a secret," said a father to his daughter. "The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life its sweetest charm. It constitutes the sum-total of all the witchcraft of women. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread a solitude around you."

Among the stories of the past summer is one told about a French woman whose maid attended her to her sea bath, with an innocuous wig of long hair, which she placed on the head of her mistress when she came from her dressing-room, after allowing a sufficient time to elapse to dry her tresses. A few locks of the lady's own hair, carefully allowed to remain damp, were mingled with the rest, and the deception was almost perfect; but, as usual, it was detected at last.

News Notes.

New Haven has a barber shop for women only.

A good oyster will lay 128,000,000 eggs in a year.

A wooden-legged bicyclist sails around Salem, Ga.

A groom of 16 has wedded a bride of 14 at Athens, Ga.

The King of Portugal gets $140,000 a year salary as king.

There are about 100,000 negro Catholics in the United States.

Empress Eugenie walks with a cane, not for fashion, but necessity.

California has a horse-thief who styles himself "Jesse James No. 2."

The United States now furnishes half of the world's supply of gold and silver.

In a Chinese newspaper the columns begin at the bottom instead of at the top.

There is a secret society of colored men in Milwaukee called "The Watermelon Club."

The world is 10,000,000 years old, according to an estimate of the Duke of Argyll.

Pittsburg proposes to prohibit the erection of wooden buildings within the city limits.

Three thousand persons are said to be on the verge of starvation on the coast of Labrador.

In France wood sells at the rate of a third of a cent a pound, or about as much as corn in Kansas.

A Glen Cove, L. I., man is the owner of a rooster which catches mice as well as any cat in the place.

Suicides are said to be more frequent in Saxony, in Germany, than anywhere else in the world.

The young Princesses of Wales are very clever at tennis, and frequently beat their father and mother.

Chicago is to have horse races by electric light, and show the names of the winning horses in fireworks.

Moody, the evangelist, is quoted as saying that London, Eng., is the most religious city in the world.

Water is selling at two dollars a barrel in the district of Sierra Mojada, in the northern part of Mexico.

A citizen of Brooks, Me., was recently made insane by rappings and other mysterious noises in his house.

A barber in St. Louis advertises to keep his establishment open all night for the benefit of married men.

The health of Emperor William, of Germany, is so infirm that it is not thought he will live the year out.

The charter of Atlanta, Ga., forbids any person from holding the office of Mayor for two consecutive terms.

Dakota is the only territory that pays a revenue to the Postoffice Department, and there are only ten States that do.

Twenty-five English and seven Italian, German and French opera companies, it is said, are in the field this season.

Los Angeles, Cal., boasts of a dog which evinces such a great appetite for honey that he robs hives whenever an opportunity offers.

American beef in the English market is now sold as Scotch, and as such brings four cents more per pound than under its true name.

A well has recently been discovered in Jug Tavern, Ga., which, it is said, runs mineral water half the year and freestone the other half.

The Kentucky State Prison contains seventy-eight prisoners sentenced for life terms. This is the largest number in any prison in the country.

An umbrella and watch was stolen from a man in New York a few days ago, and two days later he was sentenced to the State Prison for five years.

An apple, measuring 11½ inches in circumference and weighing 17 ounces, is vouched for by a Jacksonville, Fla., paper as having been grown in that place.

Georgia, it is said, has enough water power to supply ten thousand times as many mills and factories as are in operation in that State at the present time.

At a wedding, recently, in Eagle Point, Oregon, the bride, who was 82 years of age, took part in the dance which followed the ceremony. The groom was 54.

Prosecutions by the French Government of publishers of immoral works, have been frequent of late, and heavy fines have been inflicted in the majority of cases.

Fly stings have caused the death of three persons at St. Petersburg, recently. It is supposed the insects had previously settled on cattle affected with the rinderpest.

It is said that of twenty-two Boston ladies counted on the piazza of an Isle of Shoals hotel, eighteen wore eyeglasses or spectacles, and forty had scientific books in their hands.

A graceless boy in Lebanon, Indiana, strewed red pepper on the floor of a church where a protracted meeting was to be held, and those who came to pray remained to cough.

One hundred watermelons were experimentally pressed, and the water from them boiled down by an Alabama farmer, who succeeded in thus making eight gallons of molasses.

A Newark, N. J., paper tells of a witness who was called to identify a signature, and who testified that the subscriber could not write his name, "but believed the signature was his."

The Hidden Gold.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

I AM Mrs. Marcus Holloway, widow of the late Marcus Holloway, who departed this life twenty years ago, and left me a very handsome life income, and a very comfortable home, both of which home and income will go to Holloway's nephew when I die.

Mabel Renshaw is my niece, an orphan and a teacher in a seminary.

She comes to me every summer on a visit and she is my only near relative.

What I can save out of my income will be Mabel's when I die.

But the last visit Mabel made me was not in the summer, but in February.

For the seminary was closed on account of the death of the principal, and Mabel had no home but mine.

So she was with me when the young people of Towserville proposed to raise a fund to pay off part of the church debt, by giving a tea-party.

We, Mabel and I, had been sitting by the fire, after dinner, and Mabel had been telling me about William Thurston, one of her friends, who wanted my little brown-eyed niece to become Mrs. Thurston.

"But," Mabel said, with the prettiest little blush in the world, "we must wait a long, long time because Will's salary is very small. If we only had five hundred pounds now——"

"Well," I asked thinking of these savings of mine that would one day be Mabel's, but of whose existence, she knew nothing, "suppose you had?"

"Will would buy a partnership with his cousin, who has a wholesale house, and is doing a good business. Of course the partnership is worth ever so much more, but his cousin will let him into the firm if he can put in five hundred pounds. But it might as well be five millions, for Will can scarcely save anything on his small salary."

And just then, Mrs. Ray came in to tell us about the tea-party.

How her tongue did run.

There was to be a long table set in the basement-room used for the school, and refreshments served on that day.

And twenty young ladies were to wait upon the guests.

And the tickets were to be five shillings.

And would dear Mabel be one of these ladies to wait; and how many tickets would I take?

We arranged all that, and Mrs. Ray went off to sell more tickets, and enlist more young ladies, and Mabel came back to the fireside, her cheeks flushed with pleasure.

She said, suddenly—

"What shall I wear, auntie?"

I clapped my hands together as a brilliant idea struck me.

"Mabel!" I cried, "we will overhaul my Aunt Patty's trunk!"

"Your Aunt Patty?" she asked.

"You never heard of her," I said. "She died long before you were born, twenty-five years ago. But she was my aunt and the most eccentric person I ever knew in all my life.

"Although she was past eighty when she died, she was as gay as any young girl, had her box at the opera during the season, went to balls and parties, and spent a small fortune on dress. And that brings me to her trunk.

"Amongst her other eccentricities, she had a passion for saving her handsome dresses, and putting them on one after another for me to admire. She had the first ball-dress she ever wore. She had brocades that would stand alone, and laces fine as a cobweb.

"Common dresses she wore out or gave away, but her evening dresses were carefully boarded, as fashion compelled her to change and renew them."

"What a splendid collection," said Mabel.

"Well, yes," I said; "they fill a great old-fashioned trunk. When Aunt Patty died, she left me all her money in the bank, and that trunk, containing her dresses and jewels.

"Before she was buried, the bank failed and I had to sell most of the jewels. Your father was then traveling with a rich man's son as a private teacher. Well, dear, before I changed my mourning, mother died, and then I married and came out here. So Aunt Patty's trunk was not opened for years."

"But after you took off your mourning," said Mabel, "did you not wear some of the dresses, then?"

"Never, dear. My aunt was a little woman, about your size, and I was tall, even as a girl, and grew stout, so that I could never have worn the dresses, had I so desired."

"And you actually have them now?"

"Actually. And I give the trunk to you now and here, so you may be as generous as you please with the contents."

"Oh! how splendid," cried Mabel, dancing about on her toes. "May I see it now?"

"If you like. But you had better call John and Mary, to bring it down here. You would freeze in that wretchedly cold attic to-day."

So John and Mary were summoned, and we all four went to the attic, I leading the way.

The trunk was a very large, old-fashioned one.

But John and Mary, a strong-armed girl, carried it down to the sitting-room, talking all the way about the weight.

But they got it down safely, and stood it in the sitting-room.

Then there was another rummage in my room for the key, and it was a long time before we found that.

But we did find it at last, and Mabel knelt down to open the great trunk.

The lock was rusty and we had to take the poker and put it through the top of the key before they could turn it.

But we succeeded in opening it.

The first dress was a yellow satin, as Mabel remarked, that was not more than thirty years old.

But the deeper we got into the trunk the more old-fashioned the dresses become, till we found at last the heavy brocades, high-heeled slippers, antiquated fans, long kid gloves and satin petticoats.

Even I had never explored the trunk so thoroughly, knowing from the first that none of the dresses ever could fit me, and having no use for them in my quiet life of mourning and widowhood.

It was of white satin, mellowed by age to a rich cream color, and brocaded in white with bouquets of flowers.

A head-dress of white feathers was in a band-box beside the dress, and with it were the fan, gloves, slippers, and lace handkerchief.

She knelt down, and lifted out a few more articles.

Then she peered down at the bottom of the trunk, and looked at it with a curiosity I did not understand.

"Auntie," she said, suddenly, "did you know that this trunk had a false bottom?"

"No. I never went to the bottom of it before."

"It has; and the top part is cracked in ever so many places, and—and——"

Then Mabel got up and came to my chair for I was tired with all this unpacking, and being stout, was out of breath as well, and needed a rest.

I was surprised to see how pale my niece's face was, for it had flushed really only a few minutes before.

She knelt down on the footstool beside my chair; lifting her pale face, Mabel whispered—

"It is all cracked, auntie, gaping open in places, and there is gold under it!"

"What?" I cried, starting.

"Gold! I can see it shining through the cracks. That is what made it so heavy."

"Lock the door," I whispered back, for we were but two women, and there might be evil-minded people about, even in our household. "Lock the door, and drop the curtains. It is nearly dark, so we can light the gas."

So like a couple of conspirators, we shut ourselves in, and I peered into the trunk.

Mabel was right.

Through the chinks of the false bottom, warped by age to great gaping cracks, we could distinctly see the glitter of gold pieces seemingly spread over the bottom of the trunk.

It took us a long time to find out how to lift the false bottom, but we discovered the slide that held it down after much patient search, and lifted it up.

It was made of thin board, covered with paper, to match the sides of the trunk, and it was pressed closely upon a complete floor of gold pieces, upon which lay a folded paper directed to me.

Upon this was written, in Aunt Patty's cramped, old-fashioned hand, these words—

"Banks fail, old stockings are stolen, so I have made a hiding-place for some of my money in case you ever need it. Accept it with my love, as part of your legacy from your "AUNT PATTY."

"Oh!" said Mabel drawing in a deep breath.

"I gave the trunk to you with all its contents," I said.

"But you did not know the gold was there. I would not take such an unfair advantage of your generosity," Mabel answered.

"The trunk is yours with all its contents," I persisted. "Count the gold, my dear, and see if there is enough to buy—what?"

"Will's partnership. Oh, auntie, can we ever thank you enough?"

"Thank your great-aunt," I said.

"Not a bit of it. We will thank you."

Then, in the firelight, Mabel sat down to count the gold, and put it in a large box I emptied and gave her.

I rested, wondering at the chance that had revealed the secret of the trunk at such an opportune time, after keeping it so faithfully for five-and-twenty years.

By-and-bye the soft clink of the gold, as it was piled in the box, ceased, and Mabel said in a low tone—

"There are one thousand."

"One thousand! Enough for the partnership, a trousseau, and a nest egg," I said.

But my little niece was crying softly, full of happy gratitude.

She did not know that I wrote to Will Thurston, inviting him to the tea-party, but I allowed her the pleasure of telling him of the fortune we had discovered in Aunt Patty's trunk.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

SAVED.

Now politics in all its forms and phases
Is on the stump, and on the public mind,
It's on the tramp with torchlights raising blazes,
And raising votes by talk and pomp combined.

To see her lover 'neath the waving banners,
With joy and pride her heart and bosom swell—
He seems so bold, and apes the soldier's manners,
When there's no risk of meeting shot or shell.

The line of march she spies with bliss elated;
Time marches on, the midnight hour's near,
And by his side she hurries home belated,
Unto the shadows of the household sphere.

He vows with her he'd always wish to tarry,
While of parades she swears she'd never tire—
Aha! her father comes like ancient Harry!
But for such Pa-raids he has no desire.

One jump, one scoot, one wild impulse to save,
He's o'er the fence, and all's still as the grave.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

As a matter of fact, anybody has a right to complain of coffee when he finds grounds for it in his cup.

Sings a seaside poet, "Alone my lonely watch I keep." You are lucky. The man with the three gold base-balls keeps ours more than three halfs of the time.

The New York doctor who announced that ice-cream was safe and wholesome, has mysteriously disappeared. Some impecunious young man are suspected.

Natural red hair is worth from $18 to $20 an ounce. So when you find a crimson strand in the butter, you may be sure that no low-priced article is being served up to you.

An advertisement in a contemporary reads: "Wanted—A girl to cook." This gives rise to the grave suspicion that cannibalism is not yet played out in this country.

The seats in a certain Western church are set on pivots, like those in a dry goods store. This is to enable the male portion of the congregation to keep a sharp lookout for the entrance of the sheriff.

When the papers speak of the infant industries of the country, they don't mean sticking the toes in the mouth, or biting upon rubber rattles, although those are the principal industries of the infants.

"I don't believe he would steal, but I know he'd take anything," said a merchant, pointing to a man who was going by. "What makes you think so?" asks his friend. "Because he's a photographer."

"You have heard, my love that Amanda is about to marry Arthur?" "I know it; but what I can't understand is, that a woman so intelligent as she is can consent to marry a man stupid enough to marry her."

"Darling, I love you!" he exclaimed. "I don't believe it," was the scornful reply. "You haven't treated me to ice-cream but twice since our acquaintance began." And he had only met her the evening before.

Fur and Sealskin Garments.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed Free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

Humphreys' Homeopathic
Specific No. 28
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy in
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other cause. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

$16 BREECH-LOADER
Guaranteed Steel Barrels, Side Lever Action, Bar (Front Action) Locks. Warranted good shooter or no sale. Only $16. Our Famous Number 21.
$15 MUZZLE-LOADER NOW $12
Send stamp for Illustrated catalogue of Guns, Knives, Watches.
P. POWELL & SON, 180 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

A Prize Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

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"See, papa, see!" exclaimed a little prattler, pointing to the moon, which had for some time been hidden by a cloud, "the moon is open again—ain't it?"

A big dog was roaming about the yard muzzled, when a little girl rushed into the house in terror. Her sister, younger but more valiant, coolly surveyed the situation and reassured her by remarking: "He can't bite. Don't you see he's got on his bustle."

A big brown bear at the Black Hills found and ate a bushel of salt with great gusto. An hour later he was seen at the bank of a creek, assiduously drinking, and occasionally raising his head to look up stream to see if the supply of water was likely to hold out.

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Dyspeptics should know that the longer treatment of their malady is postponed, the more difficult of cure it becomes.

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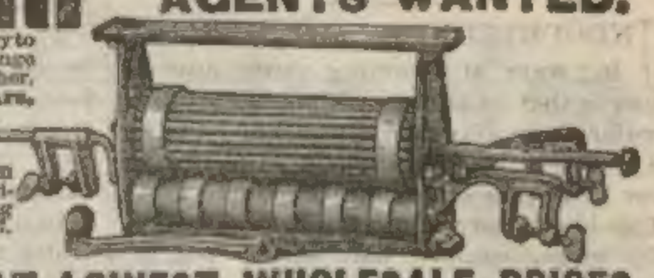

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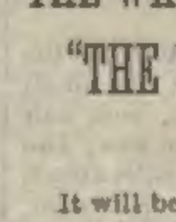

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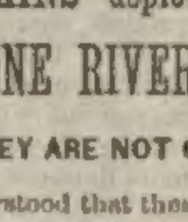

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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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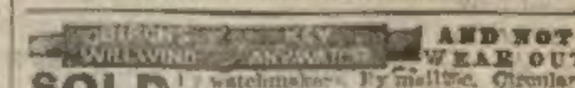

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SURE CURE for epilepsy (falling sickness) given free to the poor. Dr. Kruse, 223 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most pleasing ways of trimming skirts now in vogue is that of three or four very broad circular plaits, like deep tucks, one forming the hem and the others separated from each other by a space of two or three inches.

This idea is carried out for dresses of mohair, serge, camel's hair serge, poplin, bison cloth; indeed, for almost all manner of wool goods.

For sicilienne, ottoman, or "faille Francais," the same effect is given by bias of the material, with a lining of crinoline inside, set upon the skirt, sometimes graduating up in decreasing widths.

The style is pleasing because it is restful to the eye, after all the kilts, and perpendicular plaitings, flounces and more or less intricate trimmings we have seen for so long.

With this style of skirt there is, on French dresses, generally a short overdress, gathered about the waist and draped about the hips in voluminous puffings, the left side fastened up very often by a large rosette of velvet, and the break forming a pretty "pouf."

The bodice may be of various kinds. Perhaps a short jacket, furnished with a low turn-down collar at the throat and fastened once at the base of it, then sloping off over a little vest with two tiny pockets down by the two small sharp points.

The back of the jacket may be perfectly plain, if tailor cut, and slashed up the centre seam for a couple of inches or more, or else it may form two full organ plaits, with a finely-plaited fan of the goods set underneath the same and protruding some three or four inches beyond.

For the black cashmere or camel's hair dresses, which always can be counted among the standard fashions, and which are at all times a first choice among many women for a very neat every day suit, this style described may be especially commended.

The vest, cuffs and collar can be of velvet, either figured or plain, in such cases; also the rosette on the left side of the tunic, if there is one.

This same style of skirt with three deep circular plaits is also very nice for young girls' dresses of plaid or checked goods.

For the latter, say the popular black and white checks, there may be bias bands instead of the plaits, and the short full overdress may likewise be draped on the bias.

This has a novel and good effect worn with a bodice of black or grey cloth, or a jersey of either color.

If the whole thing is made up on the straight there may be a plaited bodice of the goods, and this is held in around the waist by a belt or a fancy mother-of-pearl or steel buckle.

Nothing is nicer for a school-girl, or even for a young girl whose school days are over.

A stylish little black cloth jacket, such as no young woman, with the present great vogue for these things, should be without, converts the suit into an appropriate and serviceable one for shopping of a morning, and such occasions.

Another still more simple manner of making a little costume of black or dark-colored wool goods, say of the favorite marine blue, for instance, is with a round skirt slightly gathered at the belt, and finished above the hem with five or six rows of stitching; the tunic, usually quite short and draped more or less voluminously about the hips (for these tunics are likewise gathered on to the belt with some fulness), is finished with the same number of rows; the bodice, with a plaited postillion in the back and a short peak in front, and scarcely any depth at all over the hips, can have the narrowest possible plastron of velvet, fastened on the right side under two rows of stitching and hooked over on the left, where the stitching also appears about an inch from the edge of the wool goods; there is then a high standing collar of velvet, and the sleeves have velvet cuffs.

These touches of velvet on the waist, the skirts being plain, are very much "en regle."

A costume of this kind is most pretty, most ladylike, and has a new and unhackneyed look.

It can be gotten up at very moderate cost, say out of cashmere at a dollar per yard, and could be easily made at home.

Useful for the street at this season, suits like these described are later serviceable during the entire winter for house wear.

This fashion of plain stitched skirt and overskirt originated during the past summer months at the French watering places, where a large number of white serge or heavy cheviot dresses were thus made up, and worn in the morning, generally with a plaited waist having a belt of white ribbon, and fastened with a Rhinestone buckle.

The last touch of "peshutt" was then conferred by one of the fashionable cloth jackets with close-fitting back and loose fronts, left unbuttoned from the neck down over the waist of the dress, and lined throughout with surah.

In order to preserve the tight fit behind while the fronts flare off at will, a broad ribbon belt, matching in color the lining of the jacket, is brought about the waist and fastened with three small molds covered with the ribbon; it is considered quite correct that this belt should show when the fronts are left open.

Jackets of every shape and kind multiply as the season advances.

They will take the place for undress wear that the short colored mantles, more and more adorned with a picturesque jumble of jet fringes, lace, feather bands and fur, bid fair to retain, notwithstanding the abuse already made of the style for more ceremonious dressing.

The jackets, however, have novelty on their side, or what seems novelty after the prolonged reign of mantles and redingotes, and will chiefly be affected by women who like to be in the van of new departures.

The most elegant and charming expression of the mantle was that found when lace, in flounces and in the piece, was employed as the chief component part, perhaps with dangling ornaments of jet, throwing a glistening shimmer through the meshes, and orange of red surah in a lining, enhancing the effect of the whole.

Such mantles were worn in scores during the summer months, being one phase of the face mania that has been reigning abroad for so long, and that will reign here during the winter, enabling women to utilize, in one way or another, every bit and scrap of black, white or unbleached lace they may possess, and tempting many more to purchase both of real and of the popular imitation lace which may always be considered among the soundest that can be made, since they can be turned to account in innumerable ways over and over again.

This, of course, as regards the so-called imitation or trimming laces, only applies to those of the finest and handsomest grades.

It would appear that lace is to play as important a role as at any time yet in the composition of evening dresses next winter.

There are exquisite models of short toilets of white lace and crepe de Chine, or of the new "crepon"—like English crepe—for young girls; ideal dresses, modest, coquettish, charming.

One of these has at the bottom of the foundation skirt of white silk two small plaited out ruffilings of the silk, and, hair veiling the same, a flounce of lace; two more flounces are set upon the skirt above; the crepe de Chine forms a polonaise, draped up full on the sides, falling in a long rounded tablier in front; there is a little fulness over the bust, enough to recall a surplice waist, and the neck is cut into a heart-shaped point back and front, and a bias of silk, outlining the same, has sewed to it a deep flounce of lace full on slightly and falling loosely over the shoulders, while in front it is carried in the form of a narrowing jabot to the left hip; the lace of sleeves, consisting of three big puffs and a full valance over the elbow, "en jabot," as the French say, completes the Henry II. character of the top part of the dress.

Strips of velvet, white or red, separate the puffs one from the other, spanning the arm like bracelets near the base of the jabot, against the waist-line, one loop and one end of the velvet and passed through a Rhinestone buckle, peep from under the lace.

Then there is another exquisite toilet, also of dancing length, the skirt of which—white, yellow, salmon-colored, or pale green, or pale shrimp-pink—may either be of satin, ottoman, or heavy "faible Francaise;" it has three deep-plaited flounces, and each one covered with a flounce of "point d' Angleterre," or Duchess Alencon; underneath two little gathered ruffilings as baleyeuse.

Fireside Chat.

HERBS AND FLOWERS.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

A PERFUMED tincture of rose leaves, by the by, may be made by loosely filling a pickle bottle with the petals, and adding to it spirits of wine, and letting it stand for a couple of months.

There is a tree growing down in the hedge there with great, white, umbelliferous flowers, which by-and-by will give place to berries, red or black. It is the elder.

With its flowers may be made an ointment, also a vinegar and a water, and from its berries wine.

To make the vinegar the fresh flowers are put into a stone jar and covered with white wine vinegar; it is then allowed to ferment for a fortnight, strained, treated with a little isinglass, and bottled for use.

Elder flower water, a capital wash for sunburning or freckles, is usually distilled from the flowers—separated from the stalks; but it may be more simply prepared as follows:—To half an ounce of the flowers add a quart of boiling water; infuse for an hour, then strain.

If it is to be kept, a little brandy or spirits of wine must be added; about a tablespoonful will be enough.

For raw or excoriated surfaces, or chaps, the ointment is a most agreeable preparation; it is also used for sunburns.

It is easily made by boiling half a pound or a quarter of a pound of elder flowers—no stalks—in the same quantity of pure lard until they are crisp, then straining while still hot through a linen cloth.

In out-of-the-way corners in this garden grows, all too willingly, the horse-radish. It is used in medicine, and although I have not tried it, and, therefore, cannot speak with certainty, a pint of buttermilk in which an ounce of fresh scraped horse-radish has been steeped for two hours is a good application for face and hands after exposure to the sun.

The virtues of sage used to be greatly extolled by our forefathers, and I am inclined to believe that it is a good remedy in some cases of indigestion.

The tea used to be made by infusing for half an hour a quarter of an ounce of the green leaves in a pint of boiling water with a bit of lemon-peel and sweetening to taste.

A decoction was also used for a gargle, a handful of the green leaves being boiled in a pint of water till reduced to one half; it was then strained, and when cold an equal quantity of mild vinegar and some honey were added. The recipe is, at all events, worthy of being remembered.

The young green shoots of rue may be easily prepared for medicinal use.

An ounce of them infused in a pint of boiling water for an hour is a good remedy for fits of colic in children, the dose being about a tablespoonful.

Here, on a sheltered border, but well exposed to the light of the sun, grows the beautiful, sweet-scented, mauve-flowered lavender.

Many and varied are the uses of this plant, and I give, to begin with, a very simple one.

Take of the flowers free from stalk six ounces by weight, rose petals in like proportion, half an ounce of thyme, a little powdered cloves, and a dessertspoonful of dried salt; mix all together intimately, and fill little muslin bags therewith.

These will not only perfume clothes if placed in drawers, but will keep moths at bay.

If lavender flowers are placed in a bottle, and warm vinegar poured over them, you will have, when you strain the mixture, after letting it stand a few days, a very agreeable perfume to be used for toilet purposes.

Lavender flowers will impart their perfume to either oil or lard, just as rose petals, or, in fact, any other richly-scented flower will.

Unless you happen to be possessed of a distilling apparatus, you cannot make oil of lavender, but you can buy it in shops, and from it you can make lavender-drops as follows—Of oil of lavender a dram and a half, oil of rosemary ten drops, cinnamon bark bruised a hundred and fifty grains, nutmeg same quantity, red sandal-wood three hundred grains, and rectified spirits two pints.

These are pharmacopeial proportions, but you can use them in much smaller proportionate quantities.

The cinnamon, nutmeg, and sandal-wood are steeped for seven days in the spirit in a close vessel, shaking occasionally. It is then strained, and to the tincture thus obtained the oils of lavender and rosemary are added, then you filter, and make the quantity up to two pints by adding spirits of wine.

The dose of this tincture is from twenty to sixty drops in sugar and water, according to age.

It is an excellent cordial in lowness of spirits, nausea, stomach-ache, want of appetite, &c.

This recipe looks somewhat formidable on paper I confess, but it is really not difficult to make up.

Well, before we leave this nook in the garden, I must give you another.

It is for a really good lavender water; shake up three or four drops of lavender oil with a pint of rectified spirits of wine, and to this add an ounce each of orange-flower and rose water, three drams of essence of musk, and four ounces of distilled water, and lo! and behold you have a pleasant perfume in quantity sufficient to last you for a whole year.

Useful and stomach vinegars of various kinds can be made by simply loosely packing a pickle bottle with the leaves of the plant, say peppermint, spearmint, penny royal, &c., and filling up with vinegar. After it has stood for a week or two it can be strained.

You see the common dandelion growing yonder. It is not placed there without a purpose. Indeed, it is a very excellent medicine in many ways.

The leaves are blanched by earthing them up, and thus come in handy for the salad bowl, and from the fresh roots is made a juice, which for billious dyspepsia is one of the safest and best medicines in the world.

Correspondence.

H. C. U.—No, they are not reliable. We do not think the thing honest at all.

ZETA.—All the information we can give you on the subject will be contained in Fashion Chat.

G. A. K.—A.m. and p.m. are simply the initial letters of ante meridian (before mid-day), and post meridian (after mid-day).

JUVENTUS.—We cannot do better than answer your questions in the words of a very wise and good man, who said:—"The habit, even in little and the least matters, of not appealing to any but our own sense of propriety, constitutes the foundation of all chivalry."

J. S.—The suggestion you make about plating, while it might do very well in a country place, would be hardly worth while in a city, where such things can be done well and cheaply, by those who make it their regular business. 2 We cannot very well publish your request concerning the scrap-book.

EDROY.—The human voice is a musical instrument which produces the most beautiful tones, and is an argument on your side. There are many pipes of ancient date which are played upon without keys or cords. You again spell cords incorrectly. A cord is a string; a chord is a combination of two or more sounds heard together.

FIRST.—Sara Coleridge was born in 1803, and died in 1852; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1807—1877; Adelaide Anne Procter, 1825—1864; Marian Evans, 1820—1880; and Mary Carpenter, 1807—1877. The three first were poetesses; the fourth was the lady who wrote under the name of George Eliot; the last was renowned for her labors among the poor.

W. K.—The outer skin, the epithelium or cuticle, as it is called, of dark races of men is due to the existence of minute pigment cells incorporated with the ordinary cells of the skin. The sun is believed to be the direct or indirect cause of them, and acting through generations the modification has become permanent, or as permanent as such variations are in Nature.

RUFUS.—Avoiding all such consolation as that offered by Robert Hall to the young man who complained that he had a hard heart, and whom he assured that he had the compensating quality of a soft head, we have simply to advise you that in all probability you are the victim of indigestion. Be careful in your diet. Do not overload the stomach, and abstain from exertion directly after a meal, and then you may hope that your red nose will disappear—at least, that the redness of it will.

L. L. R.—The willow-pattern plate illustrates an old traditional Chinese story of two young people who married clandestinely, were pursued by the bride's father to be beaten to death, but were changed into turtle-doves, and so escaped. The three figures are represented on the bridge: that nearest the willow is the mandarin with the whip. On the right is his country seat: the small cottage is that of the gardener, from whence he watches them. The island home in the distance is that of Chang, the young lover of Li-chi, the mandarin's only daughter.

BOB.—You can certainly learn sufficient German for all practical purposes while traveling, especially if you do not fear to attempt conversation in that language. We can scarcely say how long it would take to learn German. So much depends upon the application and attention bestowed. You can learn without a master, but take every opportunity to practice writing, and to mix with Germans for the sake of the pronunciation. A perfect knowledge of any language cannot be attained for years, and residence in the country is generally essential. But if you are not afraid of making mistakes in grammar you might speak German (in a way) within six weeks and make yourself understood, too.

R. E. M.—Taking the circumstances as you have placed them before us, we have only one suggestion to make. If the lady has a real affection for you—and that we hardly doubt, from what you have told us—why not go straight to her and tell her all? She has a claim to your confidence, and will value it, while the years of exemplary conduct during which she has known you will go far to reassure her as to the future. Your own confession will take away the sting of the communication as it would reach her from an unfriendly source. And, more than all, you will by this simple means entirely disable your enemy, who is making a despicable use of his information to extort hush-money from you. This is an interesting case, and we shall be happy to hear of the effect of our counsel.

PEDRO.—The calendar was first arranged so that the year consisted of 355 days in twelve months. The odd hours, however, were left unnoticed, till Julius Cæsar, with his astronomer, decided that every four years an extra day should be added, which was done by repeating February 24th, and a fresh start was made in the Julian style. But in 1582, A.D., the odd minutes had amounted to ten days, and Pope Gregory ordered this number of days to be taken from 1582, so October 5th became the 15th. But some countries, England among them, did not adopt this rule. George II. passed an Act for "equalizing" British time to that of Continental nations. By this Act (24 George II., 1751), eleven days were omitted after September 2nd, 1752; and, to counteract odd minutes in reckoning, "the years 1800 and any hundredth year, except every fourth hundredth, whereof the year 2000 A.D. shall be the first," shall not be reckoned "leap years." The "old style" is still maintained in Russia and (we believe) in Greece, but all other nations adopt the new.

SUBSCRIBER.—Freemasonry, according to its own language, is founded on the practice of social and moral virtue. The first societies of antiquity with which some claim freemasonry stands in historical connection, are the Corporations of Architects, which existed in Rome under the names of Collegia and Corpora, and were first established in the time of Numa. But it was in the Middle Ages that they came to be free. In these times they were specially employed in building churches, and on this account were exempted by several Papal bulls from the burdens which bore upon common craftsmen. A great deal of mystery surrounds the initiation of members—the secret having for years been religiously kept by those possessed of it. Nor can it be said that this is because ladies are excluded, for it is on record that at least one lady has been within the sacred pale. It is said that the Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger, daughter of Lord Doneraile, having hid herself in an empty clock-case while a lodge was being held in her father's house, and, being discovered there, was compelled to submit to initiation. For terms of admission and other particulars apply to the secretary of the nearest lodge.